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DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," &c., &c.

(Commenced in our last number, which can be had at all news depots.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

MR. SPICER, when denuded of top-coat, cap, and woollen wrapper, as we saw him last, was a slightly made man, middle-sized, and middle-aged, with an air sufficiently gentlemanlike to pass muster in any ordinary assemblage. To borrow an illustration from the pursuits he was versed in, he bore the same relation to a man of fashion that a "weed" does to a "winner of the Derby"—that is to say, to an uneducated eye, there would have seemed some resemblance; and just as the "weed" counterfeits the racer in a certain loose awkwardness of stride and an ungainly show of power, so did he appear to have certain characteristics of a class that he merely mixed with on sufferance, and imitated in some easy "externals." The language of any profession is, however, a great leveller; and whether the cant be of the "House," Westminster Hall, the College of Physicians, the Mess Table, or the "Turf," it is exceedingly difficult at first blush to distinguish the real practitioner from the mere pretender. Now, Spicer was what is called a Gentleman Rider, and he had all the slang of his craft, which is, more or less, the slang of men who move in a very different sphere.

As great landed proprietors of ambitious tendencies will bestow a qualification to sit in Parliament upon some man of towering abilities and small fortune, so did certain celebrities of the Turf confer a similar social qualification on Spicer; and by enabling him to "associate with the world," empower themselves to utilise his talents and make use of his capabilities. In this great Parliament of the Field, therefore, Spicer sat; and though for a very small and obscure borough, yet he had his place, and was "ready when wanted."

"How d'ye do, Spicer?" said Lady Lackington, arranging the folds of her dress as he came forward, and intimating by the action that he was not to delude himself into any expectation of touching her hand. "My lord told me you were here."

Spicer bowed, and muttered, and looked, as though he were waiting to be formally presented to the other lady in company; but Lady Lackington had not the most remote intention of bestowing on him such a mark of recognition, and merely answered the mute appeal of his features by a dry "Won't you sit down?"

And Mr. Spicer did sit down, and of a verity his position denoted no excess of ease or enjoyment. It was not that he did not attempt to appear perfectly at home, that he did not assume an attitude of the very calmest self-possession, maybe he even passed somewhat the frontier of the lackadaisical territory he assumed, for he snapped his boot with his whip in a jaunty affectation of indifference.

"Pray, don't do that!" said Lady Lackington; "it worries one!"

He desisted, and a very awkward silence of some seconds ensued; at length she said, "There was something or other I wanted to ask you about; you can't help me to it, can you?"

"I'm afraid not, my lady. Was it anything about sporting matters?"

"No, no; but now that you remind me, all that information you gave me about Glaucus was wrong, he came in 'a bad third.' My lord laughed at me for losing my money on him, and said he was the worst horse of the lot."

"Very sorry to differ with his lordship," said Spicer, deferentially, "but he was the favorite up to Tuesday evening, when Scott declared that he'd win with Rig the Market. I then tried to get four to one on Flycatcher, to square your book, but the stable was nobbled."

"Did you ever hear such jargon, my dear?" said Lady Lackington. "You don't understand one syllable of it, I'm certain."

Spicer smirked and made a slight approach to a bow, as though even this reference to him would serve for an introduction; but Lady Grace met the advance with a haughty stare and a look, that said, as plainly as any words, "At your peril, sir!"

"Well, one thing is certain!" said Lady Lackington, "nothing that you predicted turned out afterwards. Glaucus was beaten, and I lost my three hundred pounds—only fancy,



GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE, THE HERO OF STONY POINT. SEE PAGE 115.



ARRIVAL AT MARSHALL'S OF THE DROMEDARIES FOR THE ALGERIAN ARTILLERY, PRESENTED TO THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE BY THE SUITAN OF TURKEY. SEE PAGE 126.

dearest, three hundred pounds, with which one could do so many things! I wanted it in fifty ways, and I never contemplated leaving it with the legs at Newmarket."

"Not the legs, I assure you, my lady—not the legs. I made your book with Colonel Stamford and Gore Middleton—"

"As if I cared who won it!" said she, haughtily.

"I never knew that you tempted fortune in this fashion!" said Lady Grace, languidly.

"I do so very rarely, my dear. I think mining shares are better, or Guatemala State bonds. I realized very handsomely indeed upon them two years ago. To be sure it was Dunn that gave me the hint; he dined with us at the Hotel de Windsor, and I asked him to pay a small sum for me to Hore's people, and when I counted the money out to him, he said, 'Why not buy in some of those Guanaxualo shares; they'll be up to—' I forget what he said—'before a month. Let Storr wait, and you'll pay him in full.' And he was quite right, as I told you. I realized about eight hundred pounds on my venture."

"If Glaucon had won, my lady—"

"Don't tell me what I should have gained," broke she in. "It only provokes one the more, and above all, Spicer, no more information. I detest 'information.' And now, what was it I had to say to you; really your memory would seem to be failing you completely. What could it be?"

"It couldn't be that roan filly—"

"Of course it couldn't. I really must endeavor to persuade you that my thoughts occasionally stray beyond the stable. By the way, you sold those gray carriage-horses for nothing. You always told me they were the handsomest pair in London, and yet you say I'm exceedingly lucky to get one hundred and eighty pounds for them."

"You forget, my lady, that Bloomfield was a roarer—"

"Well, you really are in a tormenting mood this morning, Spicer. Just bethink you, now, if there's anything more you have to say, disagreeable and unpleasant, and say it at once; you have made Lady Grace quite ill."

"No, only tired!" sighed her friend, with a melancholy smile.

"Now I remember," cried Lady Lackington, "it was about that house at Florence. I don't think we shall pass any time there, but in case we should, I should like that Zapponi palace, with the large terrace on the Arno, and there must be no one on the ground-floor, mind that; and I'll not give more than I gave formerly—perhaps not so much. But, above all, remember that if we decide to go on to Rome, that I'm not bound to it in the least, and he must new-carpet that large drawing-room, and I must have the little boudoir hung in blue, with muslin over t, not pink. Pink is odious, except in a dressing-room. You tell yourself look to the stables; they require considerable alteration, and there's something about the dining-room—what was it?—Lord Lackington will remember it. But perhaps I have given you as many directions as your head will bear."

"I almost think so too, my lady," muttered he, with a half-dogged look.

"And be sure, Spicer, that we have that cook—Antoine—if we should want him. Don't let him take a place till we decide where we shall stop."

"You are aware that he insists on a hundred and fifty francs a month, and his wine."

"I should like to know what good you are, if I am to negotiate with these creatures myself!" said she, haughtily. "I must say, Lady Grace will suspect that I have rather overrated your little talents, Spicer." And Lady Grace gave a smile that might mean any amount of approval or depreciation required. "I shall not want that saddle now, and you must make that man take it back again."

"But I fear, my lady—"

"There, don't be tiresome! What is that odious bell? Oh, it's the dinner of these creatures. You dine at the table d'hôte, I think, or pray don't let us keep you. You can drop in to-morrow. Let me see, about two, or half-past. Good-by—good-by."

And so Mr. Spicer retired. The bow Lady Grace vouchsafed being in reality addressed rather to one of the figures on her fan than to himself.

"One gets a habit of these kind of people," said Lady Lackington, as the door closed after him; "but really it is a bad habit."

"I think so too," said Lady Grace, languidly.

"To be sure, there are now and then occasions when you can't employ exactly a servant. There are petty negotiations which require a certain delicacy of treatment, and there they are useful. Besides," said she, with a half-smiling laugh, "there's a fashion in them, and like Blenheim spaniels, every one must have one, and the smaller the better!"

"Monsignore Clifford, my lady, to know if you receive," said a servant, entering.

"Oh, certainly. I'm charmed, my dear Grace, to present to you the most agreeable man in all Rome. He is English, but 'went over,' as they call it, and is now high in the Pope's favor."

These words, hurriedly uttered as they were, had been scarcely spoken when the visitor entered the room. He was a tall, handsome man, of about five-and-thirty, dressed in deep black, and wearing a light blue ribbon across his white neckcloth. He advanced with all the ease of good breeding, and taking Lady Lackington's hand, he kissed the tips of her fingers with the polished grace of a courtier.

After the formal presentation to Lady Grace, he took a seat between the two ladies.

"I am come on, for me, a sad errand, my lady," said he, in a voice of peculiar depth and sweetness, in which the very slightest trace of a foreign accent was detectable—"it is to say good-by!"

"You quite shock me, Monsignore. I always hoped you were here for our own time."

"I believed and wished it also, my lady; but I have received a peremptory order to return to Rome. His Holiness desires to see me at once. There is some intention, I understand, of naming me as the Nuncio at Florence. Of course this is a secret as yet." And he turned to each of the ladies in succession.

"Oh, that would be charming—at least for any one happy enough to fix their residence there, and my friend Lady Grace is one of the fortunate."

Monsignore bowed in gratitude to the compliment, but contrived, as he bent his head, to throw a covert glance at his future neighbor, with the result of which he did not seem displeased.

"I must of course, then, send you back those interesting books, which I have only in part read?"

"By no means, my lady; they are yours, if you will honor me by accepting them. If the subject did not forbid the epithet, I should call them trifles."

"Monsignore insists on my reading the 'Controversy,' dear Lady Grace; but how I am to continue my studies without his guidance—"

"We can correspond, my lady," quickly broke in the other. "You can state to me whatever doubts—difficulties, perhaps, were, the better word—occur to you; I shall be but too happy and too proud to offer you the solution; and if my Lady Grace Twining would condescend to accept me in the same capacity—"

She bowed blandly, and he went on.

"There is a little tract here, by the Cardinal Balbi—'Flowers of St. Joseph' is the title. The style is simple but touching—the invitation scarcely to be resisted."

"I think you told me I should like the Cardinal personally," broke in Lady Lackington.

"His Eminence is charming, my lady—such goodness, such gentleness, and so much of the very highest order of conversational agreeability."

"Monsignore is so polite as to promise us introductions at Rome," continued she, addressing Lady Grace, "and amongst those, too, who are never approached by our countrymen."

"The Alterini, the Fornisari, the Balbetti," proudly repeated Monsignore.

"All ultra-exclusives, you understand," whispered Lady Lackington to her friend, "who wouldn't tolerate the English."

"How charming!" ejaculated Lady Grace, with a languid enthusiasm.

"The Roman nobility," continued Lady Lackington, "stands proudly forward, as the only society in Europe to which the travelling English cannot obtain access."

"They have other prejudices, my lady—if I may so dare to call sentiments inspired by higher influences—than those which usually sway society. These prejudices are all in favor of such as regard our Church, if not with the devotion of true followers, at least with

the respect and veneration that rightfully attach to the first-born of Christianity."

"Yes," said Lady Lackington, as, though not knowing very well to what she gave her assent, and then added, "I own to you I have always experienced a sort of awe—a sense of—what shall I call it?"

"Devotion, my lady," blandly murmured Monsignore, while his eyes were turned on her with a paraphrase of the sentiment.

"Just so. I have always felt it on entering one of your churches—the solemn stillness, the gloomy indistinctness, the softened tints, the swelling notes of the organ—you know what I mean."

"And when such emotions are etherialised, when, rising above material influences, they are associated with thoughts of what is alone thought-worthy, with hopes of what alone dignifies hope, imagine, then, the blessed beatitude, the heavenly ecstasy they inspire."

Monsignore had now warmed to his work, and very ingeniously sketched out the advantages of a creed that accommodated itself so beautifully to every temperament—that gave so much and yet exacted so little—that poisoned no pleasures—discouraged no indulgences—but left every enjoyment open with its price attached to it, just as objects are ticketed in a bazaar. He had much to say, too, of its soothing consolations—its devices to alleviate sorrow and cheat affliction—while such was its sympathy for poor suffering humanity, that even the very caprices of temper—the mere whims of fancied depressions—were not deemed unworthy of its pious care.

It is doubtful whether these ladies would have accorded to a divine of their own persuasion the same degree of favor and attention that they now bestowed on Monsignore Clifford. Perhaps his manner in discussing certain belongings to his Church was more entertaining; perhaps, too—we hint it with deference—that there was something like a forbidden pleasure in thus trespassing into the domain of Rome. His light and playful style was, however, a fascination amply sufficient to account for the interest he excited. If he dwelt but passing on the dogmas of his church, he was eloquently diffuse on its millinery. Copes, stoles, and vestments he revelled in; and there was a picturesque splendor in his description of ceremonial that left the best "effects" of the opera far behind. How gloriously, too, did he expatiate on the beauty of the Madonna, the costliness of her gowns, and the brilliancy of her diadem! How incidentally did he display a rapturous veneration for loveliness, and a very pretty taste in dress! In a word, as they both confessed, "he was charming." There was a downy softness in his enthusiasm, a sense of repose even in his very insistence, peculiarly pleasant to those who like to have their sensations, like their perfumes, as weak and as faint as possible.

"There is a tact and delicacy about these men from which our people might take a lesson," said Lady Lackington, as the door closed after him.

"Very true," sighed Lady Grace; "ours are really dreadful."

CHAPTER III.—A FATHER AND A DAUGHTER.

A dreary evening late in October, a cold thin rain falling, and a low wailing wind sighing through the leafless branches of the trees in Merrion square, made Dublin seem as sad-looking and deserted as need be. The principal inhabitants had not yet returned to their homes for the winter, and the houses wore that melancholy look of vacancy and desertion so strikingly depressing. One sound alone awoke the echoes in that silence: it was a loud knocking at the door of a large and pretentious mansion in the middle of the north side of the square. Two persons had been standing at the door for a considerable time, and by every effort of knocker and bell endeavoring to obtain admittance. One of these was a tall, erect man of about fifty, whose appearance but too plainly indicated that most painful of all struggles between poverty and a certain pretension. White-seamed and threadbare as was his coat, he wore it buttoned to the top with a sort of military smartness, his shabby hat was set on with a kind of jaunty air, and his bushy whiskers, combed and frizzed out with care, seemed a species of protest against being thought as humble as certain details of dress might bespeak him. At his side stood a young girl, so like him that a mere glance proclaimed her to be his daughter, and although in her appearance also narrow means stood confessed, there was an unmistakable something in her calm, quiet features, and her patient expression, that declared she bore her lot with a noble and high-hearted courage.

"One trial more, Bella, and I'll give it up," cried he angrily, as, seizing the knocker, he shook the strong door with the rapping, while he jingled the bell with equal violence. "If they don't come now, it is because they've seen who it is, or maybe—"

"There, see, papa, there's a window opening above," said the girl, stepping out into the rain as she spoke.

"What d'ye mean, do ye want to break in the door?" cried a harsh voice, as the wizened, hag-like face of a very dirty old woman appeared from the third story.

"I want to know if Mr. Davenport Dunn is at home," cried the man.

"He is not; he's abroad—in France."

"When is he expected back?" asked he again.

"Maybe in a week, maybe in three weeks."

"Have any letters come for Mr. Kellett?"—Captain Kellett, said he, quickly, correcting himself.

"No!"

And a bang of the window as the head was withdrawn finished the colloquy.

"That's pretty conclusive, any way, Bella," said he, with an attempt to laugh. "I suppose there's no use in staying here longer. Poor child," added he, as he watched her preparations against the storm, "you'll be wet to the skin! I think we must take a car, eh, Bella? I will take a car." And he put an emphasis on the word that sounded like a firm resolve.

"No, no, papa; neither of us ever feared rain."

"And, by George! it can't spoil our clothes, Bella," said he, laughing with a degree of jocularity that sounded astonishing even to himself, for he quickly added, "but I will have a car; wait a moment here under the porch and I'll get one."

And before she could interpose a word, he was off and away at a speed that showed the vigor of a younger man.

"It won't do, Bella," he said, as he came back again; "there's only one fellow on the stand, and he'll not go under half-a-crown. I pushed him hard for one and sixpence, but he'd not hear of it, and so I thought—that was, I knew well—you would be angry with me."

"Of course, papa; it would be mere waste of money," said she, hastily. "An hour's walk—at most an hour and a half—and there's an end of it. And now let us set out, for it is growing late."

There were few in the street as they passed along; a stray creature or so, houseless and ragged, shuffled onward; an odd loiterer stood for shelter in an archway, or a chance passer-by, with ample coat and umbrella, seemed to defy the pelting storm, while cold and dripping they plodded along in silence.

"That's old Barrington's house, Bella," said he, as they passed a large and dreary looking mansion at the corner of the square; "many's the pleasant evening I spent in it."

She muttered something, but inaudibly, and they went on as before.

"I wonder what's going on here to-day. It was Sir Dyke Morris used to live here when I knew it." And he stopped at an open door, where a flood of light poured forth into the street. "That's the Bishop of Derry, Bella, that's just gone in. There's a dinner-party there to-day," whispered he, as, half reluctant to go, he still peered into the hall.

She drew him gently forward, and he seemed to have fallen into a reverie, as he muttered at intervals,

"Great times—fine times—plenty of money—and fellows that knew how to spend it!"

Drearily plashing onward through wind and rain, their frail clothes soaked through, they seldom interchanged a word.

"Lord Drogheda lived there, Bella," said he, stopping short at the door of a splendidly illuminated hotel; "and I remember the time I was as free and welcome in it as in my own house. My head used to be full of the strange things that happened there once. Brown, and Barry Fox, and Tisdall, and the rest of us, were wild chaps! Faith, my darling, it wasn't for Mr. Davenport Dunn I cared in those times, or the like of him. Davenport Dunn, indeed!"

"It is strange that he has not written to us," said the girl, in a low voice.

"Not a bit strange; it's small trouble he takes about us. I'll bet

a five-pound note—I mean, I'll lay sixpence," said he, correcting himself with some confusion—"that since he left this he never as much as bestowed a thought on us. When he got me that beggarly place in the Custom House, he thought he'd done with me out and out. Sixty pounds a year! God be with the time I gave Peter Harris, the butler, just double the money!"

As they talked thus they gained the outskirts of the city, and gradually left the lamps and the well-lighted shops behind. Their way now led along a dreary road by the sea-side, towards the little bathing village of Clontarf, beyond which, in a sequestered spot called the Green Lanes, their humble home stood. It was a long and melancholy walk; the sorrowful sounds of the sea beating on the shingly strand mingling with the dreary plashing of the rain; while farther out, a continuous roar as the waves rolled over the "North Bull," added all the terrors of storm to the miseries of the night.

"The winter is setting in early," said Kellett. "I think I never saw a severer night."

"A sad time for poor fellows out at sea!" said the girl, as she turned her head towards the dreary waste of cloud and water now commingled into one.

"Tis exactly like our own life, out there," cried he; "a little glimpse of light glimmering every now and then through the gloom, but yet not enough to cheer the heart and give courage; but all black darkness on every side."

"There will come a daybreak at last," said the girl, assuredly.

"Faith! I sometimes despair about it in our own case," said he, sighing drearily. "To think of what I was once, and what I am now! buffeted about and ill used by a set of scoundrels that I'd not have suffered to sit down in my kitchen. Keep that rag of a shawl across your chest; you'll be destroyed entirely, Bella."

"We'll soon be within shelter now, and nothing the worse for this weather either of us," replied she, almost gaily. "Over and over again have you told me what severe seasons you have braved in the hunting-field; and, after all, papa, one can surely endure as much for duty as in pursuit of pleasure—not to say that our little cottage never looks more home-like than after a night like this."

"It's snug enough for a thing of the kind," murmured he, half reluctantly.

"And Betty will have such a nice fire for us, and we shall be as comfortable and as happy as though it were a fine house, and we ourselves fine folk to live in it."

"The Kelletts of Kellett's Court, and no better blood in Ireland," said he, sternly. "It was in the same house my grandfather, Morgan Kellett, entertained the Duke of Portland, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and this day, as I stand here, there isn't a chap in the Castle-yard would touch his hat to me!"

"And what need have we of that, papa? Will not our pride of good blood teach us other lessons than repining? Can't we show the world that a gentleman born bears his altered fortunes with dignity?"

"Ye're right, Bella; that's the very thing they must acknowledge. There isn't a day passes that I don't make the clerks in the 'Long Room' feel the difference between us. 'No liberties—no familiarities, my lads,' I say; 'keep your distance. For though my coat is threadbare, and my hat none of the best, the man inside them is Paul Kellett of Kellett's Court.' And if they ask where that is, I say, 'Look at the Gazetteer'—it's mighty few of them has their names there—Kellett's Court, the ancient seat of the Kellett family, was originally built by Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke."

"Well, here we are, papa, in a more humble home; but you'll see how cheery it will be."

And so saying, she pushed open a little wicket, and, passing through a small garden, gained the door of a little one-storied cottage, almost buried in honeysuckle.

"Yes, Betty, wet through!" said he, laughing, as the old woman held up her hands in horror; "but get papa his slippers and that warm dressing-gown, and I'll be back in a minute."

"Arrah! why didn't you take a car for her?" said the old woman, with that familiarity which old and tried service warrants. "Sure the child will get her death from this!"

"She wouldn't let me; she insisted on walking on her feet."

"Aye, aye!" muttered the crone, as she placed his slippers on the fender, "sure ye oughtn't to mind her. She'd get a fever rather than cost you a shilling. Look at the shoes she's wearin'!"

"By the good day! you'll drive me mad—clean mad!" cried he, savagely. "Don't you know in your heart that we haven't got it? Devil a rap farthing; that we're as poor as a church mouse; that if it wasn't for this beggarly place—"

"Now, Betty," cried the girl, entering—"now for our tea, and that delicious potato-cake I see browning there before the fire."

Poorly, even meanly, dressed as she was, there was in her that gentle look, and graceful, quiet bearing, that relieved the sombre aspect of a room which spoke but too plainly of narrow fortune; and as her father looked at her, the traces of recent displeasure passed from his face, and her eyes brightened up, while he said,

"You bring a blessing with the very sound of your voice, darling. And he kissed her twice as he spoke."

"It is so comfortable to be here, and so snug," said she, seating herself at his side, "and to know that to-morrow is Sunday, and that we have our holiday each of us. Come, papa, confess this little room and its bright fire are very cheery! And I have got a newspaper for you. I told Mrs. Hawkey there was nothing such a treat to you as a newspaper, and she gave me one."

"Ah! the *Trumpet of Liberty*," said he, opening it. "We'll have it after tea, Bella. Is there anything about our own county in it—Cork, I mean?"

"I have not looked in it yet; but we'll go through it honestly, papa, for I know how conscientious you are not to lose a paragraph."

"Tis that same makes a man agreeable in society. You know everything if you read the papers: accidents and marriages, the rate of the money-market, the state of the crops, who is dining with the Queen, and who is skating on the Serpentine, who is ruined at Newmarket, and who drowned at sea, and then all about the play-houses, and the wonderful panoramas; so that, let conversation turn how it will, you're ready for it, and that's the reason, Bella, you must go through every bit of it. It's like hunting, and the very field perhaps you don't try, is just the one you'd find a fox in!"

"Well, you'll see. I'll beat every cover for you!" said she, laughing; "and Mrs. Hawkey desires to have it back, for there is something about the Alderman having said or done—I don't know what or where."

"How I hate the very name of an Alderman!" said Kellett, peevishly; "regular vagabonds, with gilt coaches and red cloaks, running about prating of taxes and the pipe-water! The devil a thing I feel harder to bear in my poverty than to think you're visiting governess in an Alderman's family. Paul Kellett's daughter a visiting governess!"

"And very proud am I to be thought equal to the charge," said she, resolutely—"not to say how grateful to you for having enabled me to undertake it."

"Myself in the Customs is nothing; that, I'd put up with. Many a reduced gentleman did the same. Sam Crozier was a marker at a billiard-table in Tralee, and Ennis Magrath was an overseer on the very road he used to drive his four-in-hand. 'Many a time,' says he, 'I cursed that fresh-broken stone, but I never thought I'd be measuring it!' 'Tis the Encumbered Court has brought us all down, Bella, and there's no disgrace in being ruined with thousands of others. Just begin with the sales of estates, and tell us who is next for sentence. God forgive me, but I feel a kind of pleasure in hearing that we're all swamped together."

The girl smiled as though the remark were merely uttered in levity and deserved no more serious notice, but a faint sigh, which she could not repress, betrayed the sorrow with which she had heard it.

She opened the paper and glanced at its contents. They were as varied and multiform as are usually to be found in weekly "chan- nels of information." What struck her, however, most, was the fact that, turn where she would, the name of Davenport Dunn was ever conspicuous. Sales of property displayed him as the chief creditor or petitioner; charities paraded him as the first among the benevolent; joint-stock companies exhibited him as the managing director; mines, and railroads, and telegraph companies, harbor committees, and boards of all kinds gave him the honors of large type; while in the fashionable intelligence from abroad, his arrivals and departures were duly chronicled, and a letter of our own correspondent from Venice communicated the details of a farewell dinner

given him, with a "Lord" in the chair, by a number of those who had so frequently partaken of his splendid hospitalities while he resided in that city.

"Well—well—well!" said Kellett, with a pause between each exclamation, "this is more than I can bear. Old Jerry Dunn's son—the brat of a boy I remember in the Charter School! He used to be sent at Christmas time up to Bly-place, when my father was in town, to get five shillings for a Christmas-box; and I mind well the day he was asked to stay and dine with my sister Matty and myself, and he taught us a new game with six little bits of sticks, how we were to do something, I forget what; but I know how it ended—he won every sixpence we had. Matty had half a guinea in gold and some tenpenny pieces, and I had, I think, about fifteen shillings, and sorrow a rap he left us; and worse still, I mortgaged my school maps, and got a severe thrashing for having lost them from old White in Jervas street; and poor Matty's doll was confiscated in the same way, and carried off with a debt of three-and-fourpence on her head. God forgive him, but he gave us a sorrowful night, for we cried till daybreak."

"And did you like him as a playfellow?" asked she.

"Now that's the strangest thing of all," said Kellett, smiling. "Neither Matty nor myself liked him; but he got a kind of influence over us that was downright fascination. No matter what we thought of doing before he came, when he once set foot in the room everything followed his dictation. It wasn't that he was overbearing or tyrannical in the least, just as little could you say that he was insinuating or flattering, but somehow, by a kind of instinct, we fell into his ways, and worked out all his suggestions just as if we were mere agents of his will. Resistance or opposition we never dreamed of while he was present; but after he was gone away, once or twice there came the thought that there was something very like slavery in all this submission, and we began to concert how we might throw off the yoke."

"I won't play toll-bar any more," said I, resolutely; "all my pocket-money is sure to go before it is over."

"And I," said Matty, "won't have poor 'Mopsy' tried for a murder again; every time she's hanged, some of the waxes comes off her neck."

"We encouraged each other vigorously in these resolves, but before he was half an hour in the house 'Mopsy' had undergone the last sentence of the law, and I was insolvent."

"What a clever rogue he must have been!" said Bella, laughing.

"Wasn't he clever?" exclaimed Kellett. "You could not say how—nobody could say how—but he saw everything the moment he came into a new place, and marked every one's face, and knew, besides, the impression he made on them, just as if he was familiar with them for years."

"Did you continue to associate with him as you grew up?" asked she.

"No; we only knew each other as children. There was a distressing thing—a very distressing thing—occurred one day; I'm sure to this very hour I think of it with sorrow and shame, for I can't believe he had any blame in it. We were playing in a room next my father's study, and running every now and then into the study; and there was an old-fashioned penknife—a family relic, with a long bloodstone handle—lying on the table, and when the play was over, and Davy, as we called him, had gone home, this was missing. There was a search made for it high and low, for my father set great value on it. It was his great-grandmother's, I believe; at all events, no one ever set eyes on it afterwards, and nothing would persuade my father but that Davy stole it! Of course he never told us that he thought so, but the servant did, and Matty and myself cried two nights and a day over it, and got really sick."

"I remember well: I was working by myself in the garden, Matty was ill and in bed, when I saw a tall old man, dressed like a country shopkeeper, shown into the back parlor, where my father was sitting. There was a bit of the window open, and I could hear that high words were passing between them, and, as I thought, my father getting the worst of it, for the old fellow kept repeating, 'You'll rue it, Mister Kellett—you'll rue it yet!' And then my father said, 'Give him a good horsewhipping, Dunn; take my advice, and you'll spare yourself some sorrow, and save him from even worse hereafter.' I'll never forget the old fellow's face as he turned to leave the room. 'Davy will live to pay you off for this,' said he, 'and if you're not to the fore, it will be your children, or your children's children, will have to quit the debt!'"

"We never saw Davy from that hour; indeed, we were strictly forbidden ever to utter his name, and it was only when alone together that Matty and I would venture to talk of him, and cry over—and many a time we did—the happy days when we had him for our playfellow. There was a species of martyrdom now, too, in his fate, that endeared him the more to our memories—every play he had invented, every spot he was fond of, every toy he liked, was hallowed to our minds like relics. At last poor Matty and I could bear it no longer, and we sat down and wrote a long letter to Davy, assuring him of our fullest confidence in his honor, and our broken-heartedness at separation from him. We inveighed stoutly against parental tyranny, and declared ourselves ready for open rebellion, if he, that was never deficient in a device, could only point out the road. We bribed a stable-boy, with all our conjoint resources of pocket-money, to convey the epistle, and it came back next morning to my father, enclosed in one from Davy himself, stating that he could never countenance acts of disobedience, or be any party to a system by which children should deceive their parents. I was sent off to a boarding-school the same week, and poor Matty committed to the charge of Miss Morse, a vinegar-faced old maid, that poisoned the eight best years of her life!"

"And when did you next hear of him?"

"Of Davy? Let me see: the next time I heard of him was when he attempted to enter a college as a sizer, and failed. Somebody or other mentioned it at Kellett's Court, and said that old Dunn was half out of his mind, insisting that some injustice was dealt out to his son, and vowing he'd get the member for somewhere to bring the matter before Parliament. Davy was wiser, however; he persuaded his father that, by agitating the question, they would only give notoriety to what, if left alone, would speedily be forgotten; and Davy was right. I don't think there's three men now in the kingdom that remember one word about the sizership, or if they do, that would be influenced by it in any dealings they might have with Mr. Davenport Dunn."

"What career did he adopt after that?"

"He became a tutor, I think, in Lord Glengriff's family. There was some scandal about him there—I forget it now—and then he went off to America, and spent some years there, and in Jamaica, where he was employed as an overseer, I think; but I can't remember it all. My own knowledge of him next was seeing the name 'D. Dunn, solicitor,' on a neat brass-plate in Tralee, and hearing that he was a very acute fellow in election contests, and well up to dealing with the priests."

"And now he has made a large fortune?"

"I believe you well; he's the richest man in Ireland. There's scarce a county he hasn't got property in. There's not a town, nor a borough, where he hasn't some influence, and in every class, too—gentry, clergy, shopkeepers, people; he has them all with him, and nobody seems to know how he does it."

"Pretty much, I suppose, as he used to manage Aunt Matty and yourself long ago," said she, laughingly.

"Well, indeed, I suppose so," said he, with a half sigh; "and if it be, all I can say is, they'll be puzzled to find out his secret. He's the deepest fellow I ever heard of or read of; for there he stands to-day, without name, family, blood, or station, higher than those that have them all—able to do more than them; and, what's stranger still, thought more about in England than the best man amongst us."

"You have given me quite an interest about him, papa; tell me, what is he like?"

"He's as tall as myself, but not so strongly built; indeed, he's slightly round-shouldered; he is dark in the complexion, and has the blackest hair and whiskers I ever saw, and rather good-looking than otherwise—a calm, cold, patient-looking face you'd call it; he speaks very little, but his voice is soft, and low, and deliberate, just like one that wouldn't throw away a word, and he never moves his hands or arms, but lets them hang down heavily at either side."

"And his eyes? Tell me of his eyes?"

"They're big, black, sleepy-looking eyes, seldom looking up, and never growing a bit brighter by anything that he says or hears about him. Indeed, any one seeing him for the first time would say, 'There's a man whose thoughts are many a mile away; he isn't minding what's going on about him here.' But that is not the case;

there isn't a look, a stir, nor a gesture that he doesn't remark. There's not a chair drawn closer to another, not a glance interchanged, that he hasn't noticed; and I've heard it said, 'Many wouldn't open a letter before him, he's so sure to guess the contents, from just reading the countenance.'"

"The world is always prone to exaggerate such gifts," said she, calmly.

"So it may be, dear, but I don't fancy it could do so here. He's one of those men that, if he had been born to high station, would be a great politician, or a great general. You see that somehow, without any effort on his part, things come up just as he wished them. I believe, after all," said he, with a heavy sigh, "it's just luck! Whatever one man puts his hand to in this world goes on right and smoothly, and another has every mishap and misfortune that can befall him. He may strive, and toil, and fret his brains over it, but devil a good it is. If he is born to ill luck, it will stick to him!"

"It's not a very cheery philosophy!" said she, gently.

"I suppose not, dear; but what is very cheery in this life, when you come to find it out? Isn't it nothing but disappointment and vexation?"

Partly to rally him out of this vein of depression, and partly from motives of curiosity, she once more adverted to Dunn, and asked how it happened that they crossed each other again in life.

"He's what they call 'carrying the sale' of Kellett's Court, my dear. You know we're in the Encumbered Estates now; and Dunn represents Lord Lackington and others that hold the mortgages over us. The property was up for sale in November, then in May last, and was taken down by Dunn's order. I never knew why. It was then, however, he got me this thing in the Revenue—this beggarly place of sixty-five pounds a year; and told me, through his man Hanks—for I never met myself about it—that he'd take care my interests were not overlooked. After that the Courts closed, and he went abroad; and that's all there's between us, or, indeed, likely to be between us; for he never wrote me as much as one line since he went away, nor noticed any one of my letters, though I sent him four, or, indeed, I believe five."

"What a strange man this must be," said she, musingly. "Is it supposed that he has formed any close attachments? Are his friends devoted to him?"

"Attachments—friendships! faith, I'm inclined to think his little time he'd waste on one or the other. Why, child, if what we hear be true, he goes through the work of ten men every day of his life."

"Is he married?" asked she, after a pause.

"No; there was some story about a disappointment he met early in life; when he was at Lord Glengriff's, I think, he fell in love with one of the daughters, or she with him—I never knew it rightly—but it ended in his being sent away; and they say he never got over it. Just as if Davenport Dunn was a likely man either to fall in love, or cherish the memory of a first passion! I wish you saw him, Bella," said he, laughing, "and the notion would certainly amuse you."

"But still, men of his stamp have felt—ay, and inspired—the strongest passions. I remember reading once—"

"Reading, my darling—reading is one thing, seeing or knowing is another. The fellows that write these things must invent what isn't likely—what is nigh impossible—or nobody would read it. What we see of a man or woman in a book is just the exact reverse of what we'll ever find in real life."

The girl could easily have replied to this assertion—indeed, the answer was almost on her lips, when she restrained herself, and, hanging down her head, fell into a musing fit.

[If the advance sheets are received from London in time, the continuation of this beautiful Novel will appear in our next.]

THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.

THE citizens of Rockland County, New York, some time since organized an Association for the purpose of properly celebrating the seventy-eighth anniversary of the storming of Stony Point, and also for erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the gallant General Wayne. The day selected for the celebration, the 16th of July, was singularly pleasant, and at an early hour in the morning, the residents of Rockland and the adjoining counties, flocked towards the point of attraction to witness the ceremonies of the occasion, ceremonies so well calculated to inspire patriotic feelings in old and young.

Stony Point, as our readers know, is situated about four miles below Peekskill, and nearly opposite the village of Crugers. Beside the usual roads leading to the place, the river was taken advantage of to convey happy multitudes to "the Point," and long before noon several barges, gaily decked with flags and streamers, arrived at the landing crowded with happy people. Among the multitude were several fire and military companies from Haverstraw, Nyack and other towns in the county, who, as soon as set ashore, commenced climbing the precipitous hill, on the summit of which Fort Wayne was once located. A large marquee was erected upon the classic spot for the reception of invited guests, and a platform ornamented with evergreen for the orator of the day. Three triumphal arches bearing the names of Washington, Wayne and Putnam, were erected on the path or road leading to the summit.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, a procession was formed and marched to the point via North Haverstraw, entering upon the Point by the road over the morass, over which, seventy-eight years before, had crossed General Wayne and his brave veterans. The order of procession was as follows: Stony Point Guards; Rockland Continentals of Nyack; Warren Engine Company; Empire Engine Company; Piermont Engine Company; Grand Lodge of the State of New York Free and Accepted Masons; Rockland Lodge Masons; Officers of the Association, as follows: A. B. Conger, President; E. De Noyelles, D. Tompkins, M. G. Leonard, W. Hutton, Edward Sufferin, J. J. Sloat, J. F. Fierdon, Isaac J. Blauvelt, Vice-Presidents; H. M. Peck, Treasurer; E. M. Farrington, Recording Secretary; John L. De Noyelles, Corresponding Secretary; invited guests and citizens, on foot and in carriages.

Upon reaching the ground and order being restored, the President of the Association, the Hon. A. B. Conger, said,

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg to nominate as honorary Vice-Presidents of this Association, the Hon. V. P. Day, the Hon. B. F. Butler, the Hon. Mr. Campbell, the Hon. Erasmus Brooks, and Aaron Ward, Esq., these gentlemen having honored us with their presence on this festive occasion." The nominations were received with loud cheers.

The Throne of Grace was then addressed in a fervent prayer by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; after which President Conger delivered a brief but patriotic address. In the course of his remarks, he alluded to the magnitude of the event which they were about celebrating, and extended a hearty greeting to all their guests, and would send abroad by a messenger swifter than the mind—the press—their regrets at those distinguished gentlemen who were unavoidably absent.

He alluded to two who were present, who represented the scenes of '79 and '89, and one of the soldiers of 1812, and highly eulogized them for their bravery. In conclusion he said, "All honored be the day they were celebrating; it was a day of glory for Rockland. What associations clustered about their homes! What better spot could have been selected than this? It was a proud eminence. Nature gave this fastness to America, and gave the mighty base. It was a proud place for a mausoleum. There was here at hand the substance for this monument. So let it be rock upon rock, granite upon granite, and perchance the bird of liberty may in his flight rest upon the summit, and watch over the mouldering remains of those who have long ceased to dream of their country's glory."

To the Masonic fraternity he extended a hearty welcome, and greeted them as the representatives of an ancient and honorable

fraternity also was happy at their assistance in laying the corner-stone for a monument to the illustrious Wayne.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

The Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, Robert Macoy, Esq., was then introduced, who proceeded to lay the corner stone of the monument. The base selected is on the massive rock forming the summit of the point. A leaden box, containing various public documents, was deposited in a small hole cut in the rock, over which was laid the corner stone, with the interesting and impressive ceremonies peculiar to the Masonic fraternity. In conclusion he eloquently addressed the assembled multitude. Among other things, he said:

"People of Stony Point and its immediate vicinity, you deserve the highest commendations of the country. What a brilliant example you are presenting to the world—this tangible and lasting evidence of your love, veneration and gratitude for the memory of the distinguished soldier whose daring exploits have made Stony Point stand out prominently among the glorious and hallowed spots of the American Revolution."

"It was upon this impregnable bulwark of the beautiful and placid Hudson, seventy-eight years ago, that the thrilling shout, 'The fort's our own,' from America's heroic sons contrasted with the awful roar of the enemy's execrations. The echo reverberated the joyous shout, and sent back the answer, 'Our own!'"

"On an occasion like this, how our thoughts revert to the glories, the triumphs, and the noble deeds of him whom we delight to honor!"

"It is not my purpose, at this time, to enter into a detailed history of the many and glorious achievements that surround the name of Anthony Wayne. His fame and brilliant deeds are indelibly impressed upon the hearts of his countrymen; the history of his bravery in battle, his daring in times of the greatest danger, his coolness and wisdom in council, are now as familiar as household words. He was especially distinguished for supporting the most energetic and decisive measures. He was found where American liberty most needed a soldier."

At the conclusion of the Grand Master's address, who spoke of the fact that most of the revolutionary heroes were Masons, the Hon. A. A. J. Parker, the orator of the day, who was received with vociferous cheers, detailed many interesting facts connected with the history of the Revolution, and gave a full account of the storming of Stony Point by General Wayne, or Mad Anthony, as he was frequently called; and in concluding his oration paid a high tribute of respect to the memory of the man who had fought and fell in defence of those rights and liberties which we now enjoy. Of the colored man, a slave, who secured to Wayne an entrée to the enemy's camp, he said though his face was black, he had a heart as white as any who were present on this occasion. This slave sold berries to the British soldiers, and telling them that his master required his services during the day, and that he could only come at night, obtained the passwords and countersigns, and communicated them to General Wayne and his attending officers, and thus was the first ingress gained to the stronghold of the enemy.

The exercises were closed with a benediction, when the audience retired. The monument designed to be erected to the illustrious Wayne, will be formed of a single shaft of granite, in obelisk form, surmounted by a statue of General Wayne.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

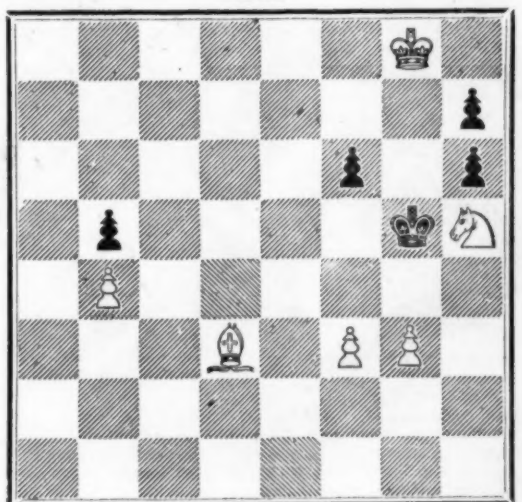
All Communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C. Hess, Nashville.—Problem received, and will appear in due course.

G. N. Cheney, Syracuse.—Thyugh some unaccountable negligence we have not a copy of game 82 at hand in our sanctum, but will take it from the files and compare it with your criticism in time to answer next week. Many thanks for the games sent.

PROBLEM LXXXV.—By J. C., of Boston.—White to mate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME LXXXV.—(BISHOP'S GAMBIT).—Played by correspondence between G. N. Cheney, of Syracuse, and two amateurs of Utica. Commenced February 27, 1867; ended May 6.

WHITE. Syracuse.	BLACK. Utica.	WHITE. Syracuse.	BLACK. Utica.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	16 P to K R 4 (f)	Q to K R 4 (g)
2 P to K B 4	P to K 3	17 K to B 3	Q to K 5
3 B to Q B 4	Q to R 5 (ch)	18 P to P (d)	P to K 3
4 K to B	P to K 4	19 R to K 3	B to K 2
5 K to Q B 3	B to K 2	20 Q to K 3	B to K 2
6 P to Q 4	K to Q B 3 (a)	21 Q to R 7	B to K 3
7 K to Q K 5	K to Q	22 B to Q 2	B to K B 4
8 K B to B P	P to Q R 3	23 B to K 7	K to B 4
9 K to K B 3	Q to K B 3	24 Q to K 6 (ch)	K to Q 2
10 K to Q B 3	Q to K B 3	25 Q to K 6 (ch)	K to Q 3
11 B to Q K 3	K to K 2 (b)	26 K to K 3 (ch)	Q to R 5 (ch)
12 P to K 5	Q to K B 4	27 K to K 3	Q to R 5 (ch)
13 Q K to K 2	P to Q 4 (c)	28 K to K 3	Q to R 5 (ch)
14 P to Q B 3	P to K R 3	29 K to K 3	Q to R 5 (ch)
15 B to B 2	Q to K B 2		

NOTES BY G. N. CHENEY.

(a) Concerning this move there is a difference of opinion between the contending parties. The attack argues that, as it gives up the extra Pawn without gaining (rather losing) in position, it ought to lose the game for the defence; while the Utica amateurs think that if not a good, it at least is not a positively bad move. [We think it is a bad move, though we are not sure it ought to lose.—Ed.]

(b) His only move. If he had taken Q P with Kt, he would evidently have lost his Kt for two Pawns; and if he had played anything else, he would have had his game broken up by 12 Kt to Q 6.

(c) This move would have horrified Philidor [And well it might]. Better, I think, to have played the P to Q 3.

(d) B to Q 2 would have been better Chess.

(e) Made on the impulse of the moment. R to K R sq was the move.

(f) [Can this be good?]

(g) [P to K K 5 seems to us very much better.]

A TRIP FROM PARIS TO CHINA.

(By our own Correspondent.)

THE RAJPOOTNI BRIDE.

It happened that the beautiful Rajpootni was one day hunting in company with her father, when a tiger, darting from a thicket, sprang upon her horse, and thus put her life in immediate jeopardy. Instead of exhibiting any of the ordinary fears of her sex, she hastily shook her raven locks from her temples, and with her head undauntedly raised, her lips compressed, and her eye flashing with a wild energy, she resolutely attacked the tiger with a dagger which she carried in her girdle, plunging it up to the very hilt in the animal's body. The excited beast, finding itself thus unexpectedly assailed, and roused to tenfold rage by the wound she had just inflicted upon it, quitted the horse and turned upon the rider. Her danger was imminent, yet she did not quail; on the contrary, her resolution seemed to increase with her peril. It was evident, notwithstanding

The old Hara, who had been sufficiently near to perceive what had happened, approached his child with a gloomy austerity of countenance, to the cause of which she was no stranger. He too had distinguished the Rahtore: his grim silence and the stern

had taken place, his fair rescuer found him lying on the ground weltering in his blood, and desperately wounded. He had been cut down by a sabre stroke, and the wound presented a morbid aspect of fatality. The brave Rajpootni instantly perceived that it was he

late deliverer who was lying senseless before her. She did not renounce the air with her shriek but calmly tore a strip from the turban of one of her attendants, bandaged the wound tightly in order to stanch the blood, then desired that the Rahtore should be lifted into a palanquin, which had fortunately been ordered to await her commands at the skirts of the jungle, and immediately borne to the house of her father. When, on the arrival of the party at the Hara's abode, he was taken from the palanquin, the old warrior discovered that his wounded guest was the head of that clan with whom his family had been so long at strife. Though this was a galling discovery, it did not preclude the generous offices of hospitality. These were rigidly performed, yet the rancor which gnawed at the vitals of the Hara chief did not for one moment abate. Whilst, however, he gave orders that every attention should be paid to the stranger, bitterness and curses were in his heart. "May his shadow diminish," he murmured when there was no one by to catch the echo of his thoughts, "until he stalk a tortured spirit over the scene of his pilgrimage! May prosperity never spread her wings over his dwelling, but the scourge of desolation smite him and his! Should he become a husband and a parent, may his children be fatherless and his wife a widow!"

CHINA EN ROUTE.

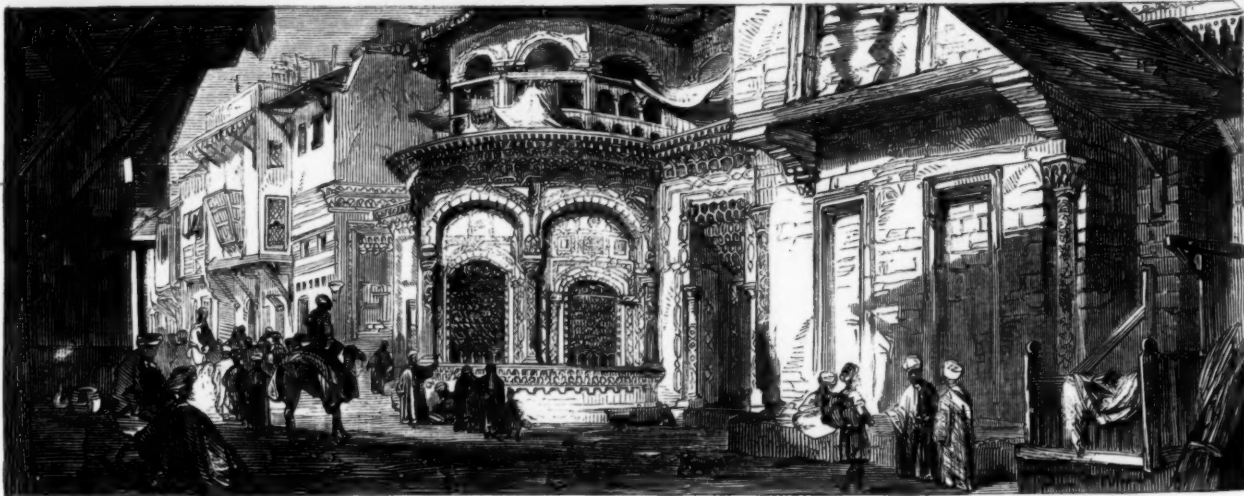
At this part of the story the colonel was interrupted by Mrs. Mallison, who complained of fatigue; he therefore postponed the conclusion of his tale to the first opportunity.

Cairo is called by the natives Masr; it was originally known by the name of El Kahirah, whence the Italian appellation of Caira. It was founded at night. Astrologers had been consulted, and had fixed upon a propitious moment for laying the first stones of the city walls. They were to have given a signal at that precise moment by ringing a number of bells, which were suspended to cords supported by poles along the whole circumference of the intended wall; but a crow happening to alight upon one of the cords, the bells were put in motion before the chosen time, and the builders who were waiting the signal immediately commenced their work. This *contretemps* caused the name of El Kahirah (Unpropitious) to be given to it. Occasionally "The Mother of the World" and other sounding titles were applied to Cairo.

Cairo is of irregular form, about two miles in length by one in breadth, with a population of two hundred thousand souls. The streets are unpaved, and few of them are of sufficient breadth to admit carriages. Here and there, however, streets are met with broad enough to allow them to pass conveniently by, and sometimes even two abreast. The by-streets and those in the quarters of the interior are very narrow, generally only from four to ten feet wide, and in consequence of the Cairene mode of building houses, each story projecting beyond that immediately below it, two persons may with perfect ease shake hands across the street from the upper windows. This narrowness of the streets is common to many towns in hot climates, having for its object greater coolness. Some of the bazaars, to protect those seated in the shops below from the sun, have coverings of wood, and the appearance of the street is not injured by the effect; but when of matting or sailcloth, their tattered condition and the quantity of dust they shower down during a strong wind upon those below, add little either to the beauty of the street or to the comfort of the people for whose benefit they are intended. The bazaars are also kept cool by watering, which, though it contributes to that end, has a very prejudicial effect, the vapor constantly arising from the damp ground in a climate like that of Egypt aiding greatly to the increase of ophthalmia. It is a startling fact that one out of every six among the inhabitants of Cairo is either blind or has some complaint in the eyes.

The principal bazaars are the Gehoreh and the Khan Khaleel; in the former cottons, stuffs, silks, fez caps, and other articles are sold; in the latter, cloth, dresses, swords, silks, slippers and embroidered stuffs are the principal articles. Several parts of Cairo are set apart and called after certain trades, or the particular goods sold there, as, for instance, Nahasin, which is occupied by coppersmiths; the Sayher, occupied by those who mount swords; and the Gohergeeh, by jewellers.

The whole city is divided into quarters, separated by gates, which are closed at night. A porter is appointed to each, who is obliged to open the door to all who wish to pass through, unless there is reason to believe them to be improper persons, or not furnished with a lamp, which every one is obliged to carry after the Esher, or one hour and a half after sunset. The principal quarters are the Copt, Jew, and Frank.



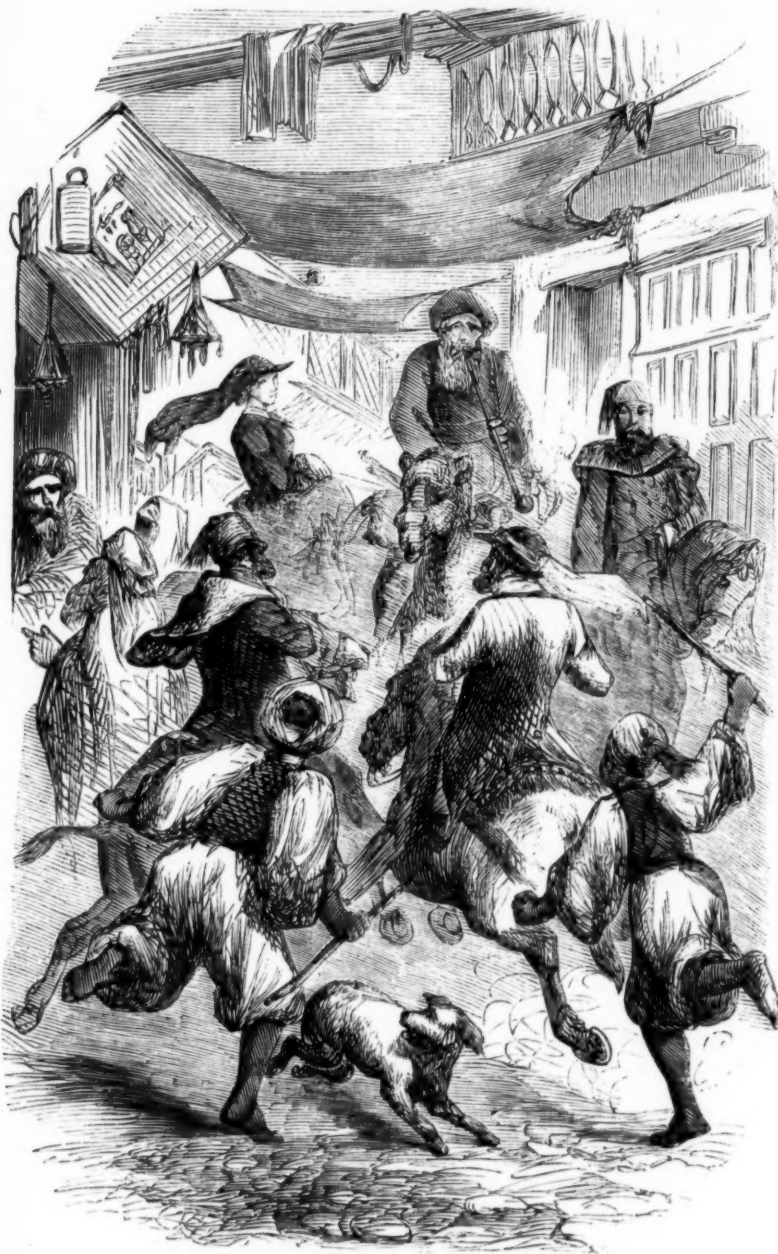
CAIRO.

composure of his features cognized her deliverer.

sufficiently expressed that he had recognized her. Not a word was exchanged. The Rajpoot did not express, even by a look, his satisfaction at his child's escape, and she with an aspect of calm but haughty indifference, mounted a camel and accompanied her parent home without the interchange of a word. She could not, however, efface from her mind the image of the young Rahtore. His manly bearing, his strength and dexterity, fired her imagination. He was perpetually present in her dreams, and the sole object of her waking thoughts. His fine muscular frame, the clear rapid gleam of his eye, the haughty bend of his brow and animated expansion of nostril, the grace with which he rode, his prowess and skill in the use of the tulwar, or scimitar—all rose to her view in rapid succession, imbued with the colorings of an ardent prepossession, and she determined, at whatever cost, to behold the object which had thus irresistibly entranced her imagination. Her resolution was a bold one, and therefore her unbending soul maintained it with the greater pertinacity.

For some time she failed in all her efforts to obtain a sight of her deliverer. Her father watched her with a scrutiny so unrelenting that she could not evade the morbid keenness of his vigilance. She, nevertheless, contrived to employ emissaries, but in vain: they only returned to bring her the unwelcome tidings of their failure. Still disappointment seemed rather to add strength to than weaken her resolution; and notwithstanding the gloom occasionally gathering on her parent's brow, which invariably darkened to a deeper shade whenever an allusion was made to her rescue from the tiger, her determination had abated nothing: her indomitable spirit was of too high a temper to blanch, though her perseverance had not been rewarded with success.

At length, as she was again one day hunting with her father in the jungle, emerging from a tangled path into a narrow vista of the wood, she saw at a distance a single horseman pressed by several assailants, who appeared about to overpower him. On a nearer approach she discovered that they were, as she had suspected, part of a dacoit gang attacking a Rahtore chief. She instantly spurred her horse forward and discharged an arrow at the foremost assailant, who received it in his right temple and dropped dead. The robbers fled when they perceived that others were coming to the rescue of their victim. Upon reaching the spot where the encounter between the dacoits and the young Rajpoot



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

sanding, that she could not successfully cope with an assailant so fearful, and her father was unfortunately at too great a distance to afford her aid. At this critical moment, when with extended and foaming jaws her ferocious adversary was in the act of seizing her by the head, a young hunter darted forward on his well-conditioned steed with the swiftness of the blast, and as he shot by like a thunderbolt, with a single stroke of his sabre severed the tiger's head from its body. The gory trunk instantly fell to the ground, leaving the intrepid huntress unscathed. The vanquished brute in its dying agonies, short as they were, fixed its claws in the flanks of the poor horse, and lacerated them so severely that it was found necessary to destroy it on the spot. The lady thus providentially rescued looked round for her preserver, but he was at a distance urging his horse to its utmost speed; she had, nevertheless, seen sufficient of his features to distinguish that he was a Rahtore; for these Rajpoot tribes have always a something discriminative of their respective clans. This discovery was painful, as it recalled to her mind the feud which her father was maintaining with all that vindictiveness of spirit so frequently and fearfully verified in the Rajpoot chronicles.



THE GREAT SPHINX, NEAR CAIRO.



CROSSING THE DESERT FROM CAIRO TO SUZ.

Near the bazaar of Khan Khaleel is situated the Moroston, or mad-house; this building is said to have been founded A.D. 1287, and several interesting anecdotes are related, one as follows:

TRAGEDY IN THE MOROSTON.

A butcher, who was confined there, conceived an intense hatred for a Turkish trooper, one of his fellow-prisoners. His meals were brought to him by his family, and he induced his wife one day to conceal in the basket of food the instruments he had used in trade, namely, a knife, a cleaver, and a pair of hocks. Those lunatics who do not appear dangerous have lighter chains than others. The chains of this fellow were of this description.

the cleaver and began to dig busily with his hands. In the meantime the keeper entered by the back way of the cell, and, throwing a collar over his neck, instantly chained him.

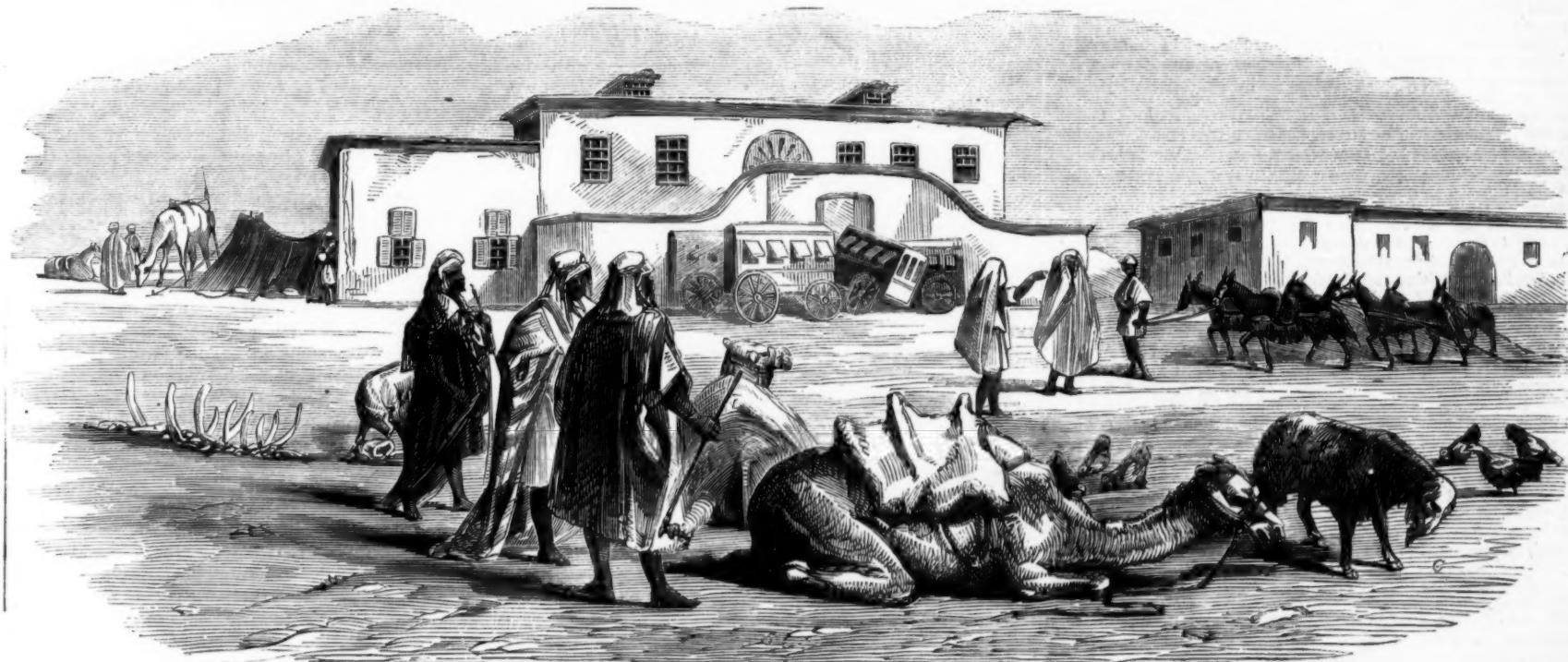
Cairo is said to contain about four hundred mosques; several of them are in ruins, but by far the greater number are still in repair and used daily for prayers. There is little difficulty or danger now attending the visits of Christians to any of them. There is the following legend attached to

THE MOSQUE OF THE BLOODY BAPTISM.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a

more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and fortunately for himself still in disguise, learned as he approached his capital the news of his own death, and the usurpation of his minister.

Finding, on further inquiry, the party of this usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants, nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gold to the building of a spacious mosque. The work



THE HALT IN THE DESERT.

When he had taken his dinner he proceeded to liberate himself, and, as the cells communicated by the back, he soon reached that of his nearest neighbor, who, delighted to see him free, exclaimed,

"How is this! who cut your chains?"

"I did," replied the first; "and here are the implements," and he proceeded to liberate several of his fellows.

The butcher then attacked the poor trooper, chained and unarmed as he was, slaughtered him, and after dividing his body, hung it on the hooks within the window of his cell. In a very short time the liberated lunatics became very uproarious, and one of them, growing alarmed, forced open the door by which the keepers usually entered, found one of them, and gave the alarm. The keeper instantly proceeded to the cell, and seeing the body of the murdered man, exclaimed,

"What! have you succeeded in killing that trooper? He was the plague of my life."

"I have," replied the madman; "and here he hangs for sale."

"Most excellent," replied the keeper. "But do not let him hang there—it will disgrace us; let us bury him."

"Where?" asked the maniac, still holding the cleaver in his hand.

"Here, in the cell," replied the other; "the fact can never be discovered."

In an instant the murderer threw down

time the anxieties of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favorite minister, and taking a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries, in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of his viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party amongst the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no

proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and on its completion, he solicited the honor of the Sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief mollah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name.

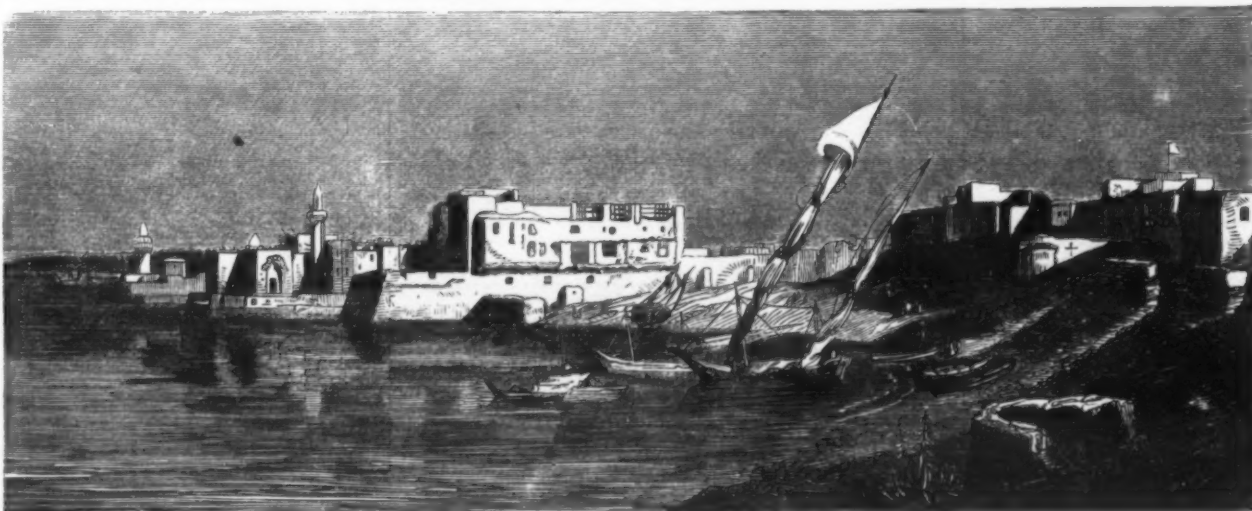
"Call it," he replied, "the Mosque of Sultan Hassan."

All started at the mention of this name, and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford

an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. "Call it," again he said, "the Mosque of me, Sultan Hassan," and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sovereign stood revealed before his traitorous servant.

He had no time for reflection. Simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper.

His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.



SUZ.

Passengers en route for India frequently have to remain at Cairo some days, waiting the arrival of the steamer at Suez, which is to convey them to India. Sometimes the steamer reaches Suez before the steamer from England arrives at Alexandria. It happened to be our good fortune to arrive before the Indian steamer. A visit to the Pyramids, the Petrified Forest, and the Pacha's Palace at Shobra well repaid us.

Most travellers have experienced disappointment on first viewing the Great Pyramid. From some cause, probably the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere, the surprising magnitude of the work does not immediately strike the beholder, nor beget in him that sensation of wondering awe which most visitors to this stupendous pile are disposed to receive. It is not until the eye has rested on and traversed over the prodigious edifice for some time, that the notion of its vast dimensions becomes duly impressed on the mind. Then, indeed, as sight and feeling gradually expand to the measure of the object and the occasion, we see it in all its grandeur, and the mind feels the force of an axiom which, however disputed, experience confirms, that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. It has not speech nor language, yet its voice is heard and speaks to the beholder of the birth, the splendor, and the decay of empires, and of his own frailty.

The bed of rock on which the Great Pyramid is situated, is about one hundred and fifty feet above the sandy plain which intervenes between it and the cultivated land. It is a soft taceous limestone, abounding particularly with those little fossils described by Strabo as found in great quantities around the Pyramids, supposed to be petrified lentils, theavings of the workmen who built the Pyramids. These abound in many parts of the chain of mountains by which the valley of the Nile is confined on this side.

The Great Pyramid is that which is described by Herodotus as the work of a Pharaoh, named Cheops, Diodorus Siculus calls it Chermis. The Great Sphinx faces the traveller as he approaches the Great Pyramid, by the easiest route from the south-east. From Greek writers we gather the outlines of the fabulous

TRADITION OF THE SPHINX.

It had the head and breasts of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice. This monster was sent into the neighborhood of Thebes by Juno, to punish the family of Cadmus, whom she persecuted with immortal hatred; and it laid this part of Boeotia under continual alarms, by proposing enigmas, and devouring all those who attempted to explain them without success. In the midst of their consternation, the Thebans were told by one of their oracles that the Sphinx would destroy herself as soon as one of her enigmas was explained. In this enigma she wished to know what animal walked on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening. Upon this, Creon, King of Thebes, promised his crown and his sister Jocasta in marriage to him who should deliver his country from the monster, by a successful explanation of the enigma. It was at last happily explained by Oedipus, who remarked that a man walks on his hands and feet when young, or in the morning of life; when he has obtained the years of manhood, or the noon of life, he walks erect; and in the evening of his days he supports the infirmities of his age with the assistance of a staff. The Sphinx no sooner heard this true explanation than she dashed herself from a rock, and immediately expired. Some mythologists have attempted to unravel this fable of the Sphinx, by supposing that one of the daughters of Cadmus infested the country of Thebes, because she had been refused a part of her father's possessions.

At last the long looked-for signal announced the arrival of the Indian steamer at Suez. We left Cairo by torchlight, in a little omnibus, and launched upon the Desert for a journey of forty miles to Suez. Some runners came with us out of town, and left after demanding "backsheesh." Despite the discomforts of the trip, it was exciting and picturesque. The Nubian drivers, who were occasionally forced to jump down and encourage the animals or mend the traces, added greatly to the scene. These men look well in their white Nubian caps and blue blouses, with long sleeves, tied in a knot behind, just at the neck. At the end of every twenty miles is a station, where we stopped to refresh and change our teams, which consisted of two mules and two horses. Pale ale at this time was excellent, and we all enjoyed some of it. The Desert is strewn with dead camels, in every stage of decomposition. Excepting when we encountered them, the air was delicious. We finally arrived at the last station, refreshed ourselves, and after a journey of one night and a day, arrived at Suez, and were soon comfortably fixed at a splendid hotel, with real Egyptian rooms, capital ventilation, and a delicious balcony overlooking the Red Sea, where we all soon gathered, and prepared to listen to the conclusion of the colonel's story.

(To be continued.)

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

BENEVOLENCE.—At a missionary meeting among the negroes in the West Indies, it is related, these resolutions were adopted: 1. We will all give something. 2. We will each give according to our ability. 3. We will give willingly. At the close of the meeting, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro, who was very rich, almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small silver coin. "Take that back again," said the chairman of the meeting. "Dat may be 'cordin' to the first resolution, but not 'cordin' to the second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dat—take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the chairman answered: "No, sir, dat won't do! Dat may be 'cordin' to the first and second resolutions, but not 'cordin' to the third." He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself, he sat a long time, until nearly all were gone; he then advanced to the table, and, with a smile on his countenance, laid down a large sum of money. "Dat, now, berry well," said the presiding negro, "dat will do; dat am 'cordin' to all the resolutions." Reader, this simple narrative contains in a nutshell the whole formula of benevolence. The first duty is to give—the second is to give according to your ability—and the third, which is equal to all that, is to give willingly.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN AND AN IRISH INNKEEPER.

English gent.: Helloa, house!
Inkkeeper: I don't know any one of that name.
Gent.: Are you the master of the inn?
Inkkeeper: Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.
Gent.: Have you a bill of fare?
Inkkeeper: Yes, sir; the fairs of Mullingar and Ballinsloe are the next week.
Gent.: How are your beds?
Inkkeeper: Very well, I thank you.
Gent.: I am a mountain.
Inkkeeper: A mountain? the country is full of mountains.
Gent.: I mean a kind of wine.
Inkkeeper: Yes, sir; a kind, from Irish white wine (buttermilk) to Bar-gundy.
Gent.: Have you any porter?
Inkkeeper: Yes, sir. Pat is an e.
Gent.: No; I mean porter to drink.
Inkkeeper: O, sir, he'd drink the ocean.
Gent.: Have you any fish?
Inkkeeper: They call myself an old fish.
Gent.: I think so; I hope you're no shark.
Inkkeeper: No, sir, indeed; I am not a jawzzy.
Gent.: Have you any soles?
Inkkeeper: For your boots or shoes, sir?
Gent.: I have you any place?
Inkkeeper: No, sir; but I was promised one, if I would stay.
Gent.: Have you any wild fowl?
Inkkeeper: They are tame enough now, for they have been killed by these three days.
Gent.: I must see myself.
Inkkeeper: An' welcome, sir; I'll fetch you the looking glass.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE, 585 BROADWAY. (Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.) Now open, with a splendid company of Comedy, Vaudeville and Burlesque Artists.
The unrivalled Comedienne Mrs. CHARLES HOWARD.
The brilliant Soubrette Mrs. STEPHENS.
The great Eccentric F. S. CHANFRAU.
The splendid Burlesque Artist HARRY HALL.
With a host of other talent, and a fine Ballet Corps.
T. W. MEIGHAN, Lessee. F. S. CHANFRAU, Stage Manager.
Admittance 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, 50 cents. Doors open at 7½.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS, 444 Broadway below Grand street.
Henry Wood, Business Manager.
Geo. Christy, Stage Manager.
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.
And other entertainments every evening during the week.
Doors open at 6; commence at 7½ o'clock.

SIGNORA FREZZOLINI,
Prima Donna from the Italian Operas in
PARIS, LONDON AND ST. PETERSBURG,
Will shortly arrive in America.

S. THALBERG,
Assisted by Madame ELENA D'ANGRI,
Will shortly give Concerts in
CAPE MAY, SARATOGA, NEWPORT, NAHANT, ROCKAWAY, SHARON
SPRINGS AND NIAGARA FALLS.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1857.

W. B. O.—If Mr. A. J. Hyatt wishes to make an arrangement with us, he had better write personally.

COMPLIMENT TO BRAVERY.—We shall be forced to the conclusion, after a while, that General Jackson committed an error in leaving his gold snuff-box to be given to the "bravest of the brave." Since its disposition has been attempted, very queer scenes have taken place "before the committee," and as the proceedings are all published in the papers, we think some pretentious gentlemen are likely to suffer in reputation, if not in purse. We have a new era presented, bravery is no longer modest, it vaunts itself, and is puffed up, and is braggart, and is ridiculous. The idea of a man deliberately going before a committee and pleading his claims to the title of "the bravest of the brave," is, according to our old foggy notions, rather indelicate, if it could not be called by any harsher name. The deeds of self-sacrificing bravery which distinguished many of the members of the New York regiment in Mexico were only seen by the eye of Heaven, in the unwritten history of every war are lost the deeds of the true heroes; nor is it among the officers and the exalted alone that we must look for those noble qualities, for as true hearts beat beneath the plain coat of the file, as ever did among the rank, the former often doing their duty from patriotism, the latter nerved alone by pride and ambition.

We are very sorry that a gentleman, so deservedly respectable as Col. Burnett, should have been unfortunate enough to have injudicious friends, who, by their determination to gain the prize for him, have opened a discussion that is anything but calculated to do good, and which is scattering innuendoes through the papers that should never be repeated, making charges which we do not believe. Col. Burnett's fame belongs to the State of New York, and to the country, and that box can no more add to his reputation, than can gilding to the beauty of the rose: the box will be like Pandora's to any man of standing who may get it—it will be worth a pawnbroker's price to an obscure personage. If it were possible, we should like to see it sold to the highest bidder (for it is valuable as once belonging to Gen. Jackson), and the proceeds judiciously laid out for the benefit of the poor soldiers still remaining of the New York regiment. To give it to the "bravest" of that noble band of soldiers is impossible, for no one can decide who is the person. The grave cannot bear witness, and the living may never be heard.

CITY GOSSIP.

THE DAWNING OF LAW AND ORDER.

OUR city is gradually emerging from its term of trouble and tribulation. The fearful and bloody riots which have disgraced the city for two or three weeks past have been quelled at a shocking sacrifice of life. The law has been vindicated, and though the sacrifice to accomplish it has been great, the enemies of the cause demanded firmness and the exhibition of armed force. It will read strangely, fifty years hence, that in New York, during a period of commercial prosperity, the citizen soldiery were under arms night and day for many days, to quell the bloody faction riots of the people of the metropolis. There can be no doubt that the disorganization of the police department gave the opportunity to rival gangs of rowdies to settle their disputes and hates by a resort to arms. We doubt if such scenes can ever occur again. The example made has been terrible, and the lesson will doubtless be remembered.

THE MUNICIPAL WAR STILL LINGERS ON.

Although the greater questions in this prolonged dispute have been settled and the provisions of the new constitution acknowledged and obeyed, some of the lesser points are still contested, and new points of issue have been opened. The Metropolitan Police Commissioners have now full possession of the station-houses and everything belonging to the old force; but an injunction has been granted, restraining Comptroller Flagg from disbursing any moneys on account of the new police force. This injunction cannot hold in the face of the decision of the Court of Appeals in favor of the constitution. It is a paltry quibble, set forth with a view to retard that which it cannot ultimately prevent.

THE ATTACK UPON SEGUIE'S POINT.

The spirit of armed resistance to legalized authority seems to be spreading among our people. To obey the constituted laws used to be deemed the first duty of a citizen—to oppose them now seems to be the popular creed. The location of the new Quarantine station has from the first been immensely unpopular in the surrounding districts. It first manifested itself in the burning of the old buildings upon the place. It was continued by loudly uttered threats, that no building for quarantine purposes should be allowed to stand at Seguin's Point. The climax of opposition was gained when, on Saturday night, the 11th inst., a party of over a hundred men attacked the police force stationed at the New Quarantine Ground. The hour chosen for the attack was midnight. The police were all snugly stowed away in their berths, perfectly unconscious that a hostile visit awaited them. They had not even a guard on watch, and were consequently completely surprised. The assailants fired over two hundred shots, but the marksmen were evidently in a state of trepidation themselves, for they hit nothing. When the police awoke from their innocent slumbers, they sent a volley among the enemy, and it is said that some execution was done, as much blood was found in the tracks of the retreating assailants. Of course no arrests were made. The assaulting party was large, the police force was small, and their valuable lives were not to be risked lightly. Discretion is the better part of valor, and if the foe is inclined to take himself off, bid him God speed, and let him go. Up to the present date no arrests have been made, so we may expect another and more determined attack before long.

HOME TRAVEL—NEWPORT, ETC.

While the European steamers take out their hundreds of pleasure seekers weekly, our river boats carry their thousands daily, to distribute them at Newport, Saratoga, Cape May, and other places of pleasure resort. Our citizens and visitors are literally flocking to the sea side. Newport is filling to overflowing. Much of the success of this watering place must be attributed to the delightful and perfect means of travel by which it can be reached. The magnificent boats of the Fall River line, the Metropolitan, the Empire State, and the Bay State, are truly floating palaces which challenge admiration and defy competition. All that a love of comfort can supply, all that an idea of luxury could suggest, will be found on all these boats. They are commanded by accomplished and kind-hearted gentlemen, as all who have travelled with Captains Jewett, Drayton and Brown will gladly corroborate. Nor must we

omit a passing tribute to the liberal and courteous manner in which the affairs of the company are conducted in New York, by its popular agent, Col. William Borden. Where everything is so admirably managed, who can wonder that travellers crowd the boats? We, speaking from experience, can say that we have rarely, if ever, been so pleasantly accommodated, and feel half inclined to say that the pleasantest part of a trip to Newport is the passage in one of these magnificent boats, to and fro. Oh, for a little of the cool sea air to temper the burning heat just now!

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DEATH OF ANOTHER ILLUSTRIOUS LADY.

IN our last we noticed the death of the celebrated Princess Bragatton. This week we have to record the death of another eminent lady, who was the friend of Madame de Maintenon—a venerable relic of those bygone courtly times.

Another death, by which an individuality has been extinguished which seems like a severing of the last link of the chain which bound us to the generations of the past. The Comtesse de Preault breathed her last on Friday. This lady was the sole remaining pupil of Saint Cyr, and in her youth was watched, or "guarded," as it is called in the convents, by the Sœur Marie Joseph, who was the attendant of Madame de Maintenon during her last illness. The souvenirs and anecdotes collected by the Comtesse de Preault, during an existence of ninety-seven years, would form a rich fund for any memoir-hunting collector of the small-talk and scandal of days gone by. Just fancy meeting a lady in a salon of the Rue de la Madeleine, who could bring you fresh anecdotes of "the Maintenon" with the court gossip of "the Montepan," and what report said of the Duchesse de Maine and Mlle. de St. Germain! There sat the reverend lady until Thursday last in her high-backed chair, with an eye as bright, a memory as unimpaired, as in the days of her youth. They had to consult her about the *mise en scene* of the Demoiselles de St. Cyr; and it was the portrait of a Mlle. de Méran, one of the pupils of the first foundation, the legacy of Sœur Marie Joseph to the Comtesse de Preault, which served as a model for the dress of the heroine when the piece was produced at the Opéra Comique. At the Revolution, Mlle. de Preault escaped from France in the disguise of a cheese-vendor, and travelled on foot, laden with a heavy basket of cheeses, from Paris to the frontier. The dangers and perils of the way have caused many a tear to flow in the little dark salon of the Rue de la Madeleine, even so lately as a few months ago. Once she was arrested as *suspicious*, being supposed to be the vivandière belonging to one of the Royalist regiments; another time some fancied resemblance to the wife of an obnoxious governor had well-nigh caused her to be thrown upon the cart which was passing out of the gate of one of the towns on her way, laden with victims about to be offered up, in some horrible fashion or other, to the god of vengeance let loose upon the nation. She was just hoisted up in the brassy arms of the leaders of the mob which was accompanying the cart to its halting-place, when a young man from amongst the victims, forgetful of the position in which he stood, with death staring him in the face, in order to show his contempt of his vulgar executioners, turned to the two men, and exclaimed, with an exaggeration of aristocratic horror, "Stop, *cassez!* have pity on our noses; ye may kill us, but have no right to poison us with the company of one of yourselves. Keep the woman and her cheeses to regale your own senses with their fragrance—don't let her come amongst us, to bring your foul odor here." And, with these words, he drew from his pocket a little cambric kerchief, which he held beneath his nostrils, giving way to every gesture of disgust to aggravate the people more. The mob soon accomplished; and the infuriated mob, forgetful of the cause of the dispute, let the poor wayfarer to vent their whole wrath upon the innocent aristocrat; and the cart went on, the crowd pressing on all sides, hanging on the wheels, in order to vomit forth the most foul invectives against the dainty and contemptuous aristocrats. In the tumult, Mlle. de Preault was thrown into a ditch by the wayside, and the murmur of the multitude died in the distance. After this narrow escape Mlle. de Preault made the best of her way over the frontier, and arrived in Poland, where she became the inmate of one of the first families in that country, and accepted the post of governess to one of the young ladies. The success attained by her pupil in the acquisition of the talents and accomplishments imparted by Mlle. de Preault, gave that lady an immense reputation throughout the whole Russian empire, and numerous were the princely offers made to induce her to leave the situation she occupied for another and more lucrative one. But Mlle. de Preault was not a Frenchwoman for nothing. She declared that when instruction had ceased was just the time when education must be begun, and that no pupil of hers should ever be abandoned till the result of all her labor was attained. She, therefore, accompanied the young lady to St. Petersburg. She undertook, in short, the disposal of her fortune. In less than no time the Emperor Alexander was at her feet, she was named *demoiselle* à la cour of the Empress, and was married to a Frenchman, the Count de Choiseul. Such a *coup de foudre* had never been beheld at the court of Russia before. The *furia francese* of Mlle. de Preault, who had learned all her traditions in the best of schools, completely overrode the methodical manner of working of the Russians, and carried them out of their senses. It was Madame de Choiseul who obtained the greatest triumph over the Emperor ever effected by any woman, not even excepting Madame de Krudner. Madame de Choiseul always accompanied by Mlle. de Preault, be it remarked, had arrived at Warsaw from her estate, in order to attend a grand ball given by the city in honor of the new governor. The Emperor Alexander was at that time engaged in forming a camp at some place more than one hundred leagues distant. The city of Warsaw had but one wish, that of seeing their ball graced by the presence of the Emperor; but the honor having been officially requested, had been peremptorily refused, and when Madame de Choiseul entered the city, she found the authorities and notables still under the smart of their despair. Madame de Choiseul mourned over their disappointment, but Mlle. de Preault proposed ending it by a letter to the Emperor! Thereupon, she immediately set about dictating it. Madame de Choiseul copied, signed, and sealed it. Mlle. de Preault dispatched it, and before the authorities and notables had recovered from the disappointment of refusal, the Emperor had arrived and opened the ball with none other the richest nor the most beautiful lady in the place, nor with the governor's wife, but with one who was better than all these—Madame de Choiseul, the pupil of Mlle. de Preault!

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS A PART OF THE DRESS.

The celebrated manufacture of pocket handkerchiefs, Chapron, Rue de la Paix, has produced for the summer morning toilette, novelties in the form of handkerchiefs, embroidered in colors of a very peculiar description. The color of the embroidery must match that of the robe. This small but important article has become a most extravagant item in female attire. The richest and costliest work is lavished on the handkerchief. The coat of arms and the crown of the titled owner are embroidered with great care in the corner. Deep and gorgeous lace are the trimmings employed for a full dress *mouchoir*.

A CZARINA'S JEWELS FOR SALE.

The law suit concerning the personal property of Catherine the Great of Russia, which has been pending for many years, has at last been decided in favor of the heirs, who are very numerous, and among whom is the Prince of Prussia, prospective father-in-law of the British Princess Royal. A Westphalian jeweller, who has been engaged to convert the trinkets into cash, is at present in Vienna with a portion of the valuables. They consist of very rich, old-fashioned necklaces, bracelets, rings, breastpins, brooches, head-dresses, gold chains, bouquets, &c.

DEATH OF RETSCH, THE ARTIST.

Maurice Retseh, the German artist, whose illustrations of Goethe and other poets are so celebrated, has just died, at the age of seventy-seven years.

PERSIAN PRINCES ON A EUROPEAN TOUR.

It is said one of the Shah's two eldest sons, Prince Muzafer-Ed-Din, is to pay a visit to Europe. He will make a tour in France, England, Austria and Russia. If this journey should take place, the young Prince, who is now eighteen years of age, and better educated than the youths in his country usually are, will leave Teheran with his suite towards the end of July.

SOMETHING LIKE A LOOKING-GLASS.

The Sultan has ordered a splendid mirror to be made for him in Paris. The cost is 500,000 francs, or £20,000.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

SEVERAL recent arrivals afford us but a slight budget of news.

THE GREAT INSURRECTION AT DELHI.

The report of an extensive and formidable insurrection amongst the native troops in India is confirmed. Delhi city was captured by the mutineers, and all the European residents and English officers on whom they could place hands, murdered. Meerut and Delhi were under martial law. Fourteen thousand troops were to be immediately forwarded from England to the scene of the mutiny. Lord Granville acknowledged in the House of Lords that the conflagration was produced by an idea which seized on the minds of the natives, to the effect that England was about to make a violent and forcible effort to convert them to Christianity. During the emergency France was to aid England by placing at her disposal fourteen transports, in order to carry out troops. At the latest moment it was reported in London that quiet had been restored.

DOINGS IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

On the 3d of July, Lord Ellenborough, in the House of Lords, called attention to the reduction in the rate of exchange with India, recently made by the East India Company, by lowering their terms for bills of India, with the object of preventing the export of silver. He said that it should be left to the discretion of the local government to remit funds to this country or not to do so, and that considerable inconvenience might result to the Indian Government if any further alterations were made in their country. He had heard on good authority that the mutineers at Delhi had obtained possession of no less than five or six hundred thousand pounds, a large portion of which was public money. He thought such a fact indicated the necessity of great caution in the adoption of changes of this kind, as otherwise the Government of India might possibly be found to meet its engagements.

FACILITATING EMIGRATION.

In the House of Commons Mr. F. Baring called attention to the necessity of taking steps to facilitate by emigration the supply of labor in British Guiana. Mr. Labouchere admitted the importance of the subject, and that it was the duty of the Government to assist in promoting a system of emigration, in order to advance the prosperity of the colony. At the same time it was their imperative duty to take care that no possible approach be made towards the re-introduction of the horrid system of slavery.

CONSULS TO THE BLACK SEA.

In a debate on the Consular system, Lord Palmerston said that arrangements

are being made to send Consuls to places on the Black Sea, according to the stipulation of the Paris treaty.

NAPOLEON AND RUSSIA TO VISIT ENGLAND.

The London Post believes itself justified in stating that it is the intention of the Emperor and Empress of the French to visit the Art Treasures exhibition at Manchester in the course of the next six weeks.

THE MAMMOTH STEAMER GREAT EASTERN.

At a meeting of the company owning the mammoth steamship Great Eastern it was announced that she may be launched in September, but that the trial trip to Portland will be deferred till next April. Her total cost is to be three millions of dollars.

LAST EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The screw steamer Fox, Captain McClintock, fitted out by Lady Franklin, sailed from Aberdeen on the 1st inst. for the Arctic regions, in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin and his crew.

THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.

The Atlantic telegraph cable was being rapidly shipped on board the United States frigate Niagara at Liverpool. Captain Hudson and his officers had been exceedingly well received at the Manchester Exhibition, during a state visit of Queen Victoria. The American merchants at Liverpool invited Captain Hudson and the officers of the Niagara to a banquet on the day the America sailed, in honor of the Fourth of July. On the following Thursday the officers were to dine with the Mayor of Liverpool.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

No military or naval movement of importance could be undertaken in China until next October, in consequence of the heat of the weather. The Chinese junk in the Canton river often assailed the British war ships. The native rebels had advanced to the vicinity of Foo-choo-Foo city, causing great alarm and much interruption to trade.

A letter from Hong Kong states that Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were to have interviews at Singapore with Sir John Bowring and M. de Bourbonlon, the French Minister, and that no important operation would be undertaken until after this meeting.

The Courier de Paris throws doubt on the rumor that England, in consequence of the rebellion in India, had asked France to send more troops to China.

CONSPIRING AGAINST THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times writes: The conspiracy of a certain number of Italians against the life of the Emperor, seems to be marked by a more serious character than was originally supposed. The persons taken into custody are also more numerous. Successive arrests, either in consequence of disclosures made by accomplices, or obtained from papers found at their lodgings, have increased the number from three to twenty-one. I doubt whether it will rest here. They belong to the same school as Pianori, and their object is the same. They are also said to be connected with the conspirators arrested in Genoa, who proposed to proclaim a republic in that city.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN ALGERIA.

In Algeria the French army is said to have suffered much during the late campaign from heat and fatigue, and there remained much hard work for the men. A telegraphic despatch from Kabylia reports more victories for the French troops, and says that they were masters of the entire country. It was reported that General McMahon was killed in action, but it now appears that several musket balls passed through his coat without injuring him.

NOTHING NEW ABOUT SPAIN AND MEXICO.

Classé nothing new in regard to the Spanish-Mexican question. Senor Lagranga still remained at Madrid, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory nature of the reply to his memorandum. His return to France at an early day, however, was regarded as certain, and it was supposed he would wait in Paris for fresh instructions from his Government.

SERIOUS TROUBLES IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe telegraphs the following: TURIN, July 2, 1857. The steamer Cagliari, bound from Genoa for Tunis, was seized by a band of Italian insurgents, who landed on the island of Ponza and liberated some prisoners. The Sappi, Neapolitan frigate, captured the steamer, and the troops were pursuing the insurgents.

The revolutionary attempt at Leghorn was suppressed. The political prisoners liberated on the island of Ponza numbered about 500, and in conjunction with the insurgents, they attacked the Neapolitan gendarmes, but were repulsed, and several of them arrested, when the remainder fled.

The Globe's Paris correspondent telegraphs on the 3d inst.: "Adverse have been received of further insurrections in Italy, organized, it is said, by Mazzini. Two hundred arrests have been made in Genoa. Thousands of muskets have been seized, and large quantities of ammunition."

There was no news from Naples.

A dispatch from Vienna also announces an attempted insurrection at Sappi, in the Neapolitan territory.

DIPLOMATIC TROUBLES IN TURKEY.

Although the Belgian minister had received his passports, the feeling entertained by the Government was only a personal one, and after his departure the Chargé d'Affaires would be freely communicated with.

The Belgians appear to have made a tour of the Principalities and commenced agitation in favor of their union, assuring the people that the European powers were agreed upon its expediency, and were meditating the establishment of a monarchy under a Belgian prince.

It is intimated from other sources that the rupture had been brought about by Lord Stratford, and the Constantinople correspondent of the Daily News says the affair seems likely to assume some importance. Several of the foreign ministers have called on Mr. Blondel, and it is rumored that those of America, France, Russia, Spain and Sardinia will present to the Sultan a joint note on the subject. A meeting of the above mentioned diplomatists has been held at the house of the Russian Ambassador.

BRITISH OCCUPATION OF THE ISLAND OF PERIN.

A government circular (confidential), addressed to the foreign diplomatic agents, maintains the right of the Porte to the island of Perin, and expresses a hope that the English will evacuate it.

PERSIA.

Mohammerah was entirely abandoned by the British on the 16th of May, and Sir James Outram had arrived at Bagdad.

Accounts from the Persian capital represent the Shah as dreadfully excited on receiving intelligence of the capture of Mohammerah. The treaty had reached him the day previous, and he lost no time in affixing his signature, giving special directions for its immediate dispatch to Bagdad.

FROM VERA CRUZ.

The Vera Cruz papers of the 19th ult. say that the weather was delightful. The last of the English squadron recently anchored in the waters of Vera Cruz, left that port on the 16th ult. It is stated in the Eco that the chief of the band who attacked the escort having in charge the Santa Anna conspirators, was killed in the conflict. The Estadante seems to think that the manifesto of Santa Anna was written in the city of Mexico. The newspapers Clamor Progreista and Pagina del Pueblo had been suspended by order of the supreme government. The Nacion had also ceased to exist.

NO PEACE IN MEXICO.

By the latest advices we learn that the city of Yguala had been again—for the third time—entered and plundered by Juan Vicario. Sixty citizens, who took refuge in their old church, were killed, and that curious and antique piece of architecture was levelled to the ground by the outlaws. Captain Thaddeus Mott, of New York, had arrived at Acapulco in delicate health. He encountered Vicario's band on the way, but was not molested. Juan Antonio, the Indian chief, had united his men with the force of Vicario; so that an army of four thousand persons were opposed to General Alvarez, who acted for the Government. The Chelapa Indians still hated Alvarez on account of the imprisonment of their priest. A government force, under Generals Megrete and Degollado, had marched from the city of Mexico in order to sweep them from the roads and highways. President Comonfort did not attend church on Corpus Christi day, as the Archbishop refused to officiate if his Excellency was present. Comonfort's decree against gambling was rigidly executed, but it was said that the executive officers pocketed all the fines, and did not give the proceeds to purposes of charity, as intended originally. A new tax on the profits of house rent in the city of Mexico had been levied.

PORT AU PRINCE—THE FIRE.

From Port au Prince, under date of 27th of June, we have some additional news with respect to the late fire, the sickness in the city and port, and the prospects of trade. The captain and mate of the brig John Boynton had died. A number of white residents and sailors lay ill. It was thought that the sum of \$1,500,000 would cover the losses by the fire. Several affecting incidents took place during the conflagration. Madame Bruno had escaped from her burning dwelling, but returned, in order to secure some valuable papers, and was lost. Her remains had been found. The Providence Mutual Insurance Company announces that it may have to call for aid from the stockholders. Remittances to the United States will be very much contracted. Provisions were plenty. Coffee and logwood ruled high. It was expected that plenty of building materials would arrive soon.

OBITUARY.

THE Jacksonville (Fla.) News announces the death of General Joseph M. Hernandez, of Florida, who was the first delegate to Congress while in the Territorial condition, a leading member of the Territorial Legislature, and on the breaking out of Indian hostilities was made a Brigadier General in the United States service.

Dr. Rose, who was burned at the fire at the State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, on Tuesday, died on the 15th from the effects of his injuries.

NAVY.

By the latest advices from the Isthmus, the United States ships Independence and John Adams were off Panama.

The United States steamer Roanoke and sloop-of-war Cyane, were off Aspinwall. The Cyane was to sail for Boston, July 5th, with about fifty of Walker's men on board. The Roanoke had on board about 240 of Walker's men, of which 150 were on the sick list.

The United States steamship Mississippi was put into commission yesterday by Captain W. C. Nicholson. Her officers and crew are now all on board. She will probably sail from here in about two weeks, to join the East India squadron. She has on board as fine a looking crew as ever handled a rope;

all young and hearty men. The ship is well fitted out to perform any duty which she may be called upon to do during her long cruise. She has, besides her crew and marines, a full band of music on board. So far everything indicates a happy cruise for her.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Levant, Commander Wm. Smith, was at Wonsung previous to May 9th.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga, Commander Fredk. Chatard, sailed from Aspinwall June 20th for San Juan del Norte.

FINANCIAL.

THE annexed statement exhibits the value of exports from this port during the week, and since January 1st in each of the past three years:

COMMERCE OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK—VALUE OF EXPORTS.			
Total for the week	\$1,234,671	\$1,118,995	\$902,814
Total for six months	\$2,430,853	\$2,071,027	\$1,661,714

Since Jan. 1 \$33,825,504 \$41,190,024 \$39,524,528

Aaron Jacobs & Co., New York city and San Francisco, suspended; liabilities \$610,000, nominal surplus \$150,000, are asking an extension.

E. A. Stern & Co., New York city, suspended; liabilities reported \$250,000; are asking an extension.

DAYS OF GRACE.

An impression prevails that all paper maturing on Sunday is legally payable on the day previous. The true rule is that where the last day of grace falls on Sunday the paper is payable on Saturday; but where the note falls due without grace on Sunday, it is payable on Monday.

See the case of *Salter v. Burt*, 20 Wend., 206, opinion of Bronson, Justice.

The following are the footings of the Boston Bank Statement for the past week:

Capital Stock	\$31,960,000
Loans and Discounts	54,906,000
Specie	3,296,000
Amount due from other Banks	7,540,000
Amount due to other Banks	5,064,400
Deposits	17,344,000
Circulation	7,234,400

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The brief operatic season under the management of Madame La Grange closed on Monday evening, the 20th inst. The performance for that occasion was for the benefit of Madame La Grange, and that worthy and talented lady received a splendid testimonial of the high appreciation in which she is held by the public. The results of her operatic campaign have been both pleasant and unexpected. A moderate share of patronage was anticipated, but crowded houses night after night could hardly have been hoped for. But no one can predicate upon the past with regard to the New York public. To-day it admits that which yesterday it condemned, and showers favors where it formerly lavished kicks. So instead of fair to middling houses, Madame La Grange was favored with crowded and brilliant audiences, and receipts varying from two to three thousand dollars. A little of such material support during the regular seasons would secure the permanency of any management. We rejoice heartily at the success of Madame La Grange. She deserves it all, and as we have said before, we regret to lose so fine and reliable an artist. She has the best wishes of all who have heard or have known her, for her future prosperity and success.

SIGISMUND THALBERG AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—"Cast thy bread upon the waters," and after many days it shall return;" good deeds are never lost, but ever bring blessings upon the bestower. That noble magnanimity which impelled Thalberg to devote so much of his valuable time to playing gratuitously here and in other cities, has, we are happy to say, met with an acknowledgment which is both just and flattering. On Thursday evening, the 16th inst., a Committee of the School Teachers who were connected with gratuitous concerts of Thalberg to the pupils of the Public Schools, met at the St. Nicholas Hotel, where Thalberg is staying, and asking an audience of him, addressed him in an eloquent strain, and presented him with a testimonial of the admiration and esteem of the entire body. Thanks to Madame D'Angri were also included in the address, and a testimonial was likewise presented to her as an acknowledgment of her kind assistance at Thalberg's concerts.

Thalberg replied to the address in his usual happy and unembarrassed manner—for Thalberg, if he be not an orator, has a gifted readiness of speech, and an elegant and unimpeachable manner of expressing himself. The testimonials were engrossed upon parchment. That which was presented to Thalberg is a marvel of penmanship.

A wreath of magnolia extends along the lower portion of the left side, and one of Indian corn along the right; a youthful winged musician, with a pander pipe, approached lavishly by a lioness on each side; the centre of the lower space is occupied by four angels, with trumpets, supposed to celebrate in the four quarters of the world the celebrity of the great pianist; rising a little above the extremities of this group are, respectively, Calliope, the Epic, or leading muse, with a crown of laurel raised as an offering to the great friend of Apollo and Terpsichore, the muse of choral dance and song, in an attitude of triumphant joy; immediately above these are, on the left, the herald of Apollo, with a banner of salutation to Columbia and a scroll of introduction to the Sons of Freedom in Hesperia, dated at Olympus, and accredited or certified by Ceryx, Apollo's high priest at Delphi; on the right a female figure of high class holds a long record of announcements of Thalberg's presence in London, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Paris, &c.; a harp, surrounded by an eagle, is placed near her, and a cage, suspended in front, has a mocking bird in it to indicate the country—above these are, on the left an angel in a sitting posture, studiously int'nt on the crowning embellishment; on her right a lyre, on her lap a scroll, with two lines of Pope's Universal Prayer—

For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

—As a justification to ascetics, or anti-musical critics, of the amusement and delight that common humanity is so bewitched with. On the right a stately female seated in an attitude and with an air of lofty reserve, holds in her right hand a volume of the Life of Washington; on her head is a diadem, with numerous stars, surrounded by one large star, as the emblem of the Empire city. She, as well as the angel, is overarched by a rainbow, the arms of the State of New York, and those of the city appearing in the arch; her left hand points to the crowning embellishment before named. The last begins at the top of the oval as a blaze of light, in which is seen 1776, in distinct lettering; arching a little above this is "Farewell Address;" above that, "Educated Intelligence;" next, "Liberty, Light, Progress;" above these, "Excelsior," and over that, in large, plain letters, "Unique and Excelsiorism." Between the described devices and the oval are placed several emblematical adornments on a smaller scale, having relation to education, as the genius of Geometry measuring the earth with compasses, that of Astronomy holding a sextant in one hand and telescope in the other; the genius of Architecture and that of Agriculture; Apollo and Minerva; two little boys studying respectively arithmetic and geography, &c., &c.

Quotations from Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Cowe, Scott, &c., on the subject of music, fill up spare space, and ornamented portions of the lower corners and centre are appropriated to the signatures of the representatives of the parties engaged in the preparation of the present.

The testimonial presented to Madame D'Angri represents a heraldic device intertwined with the American flag.

THALBERG AT THE WATERING PLACES.—Thalberg, the mighty master of all the mysteries of the piano, will add by his presence a new enjoyment to our popular watering places. He will visit Cape May, Saratoga, Newport, Nahant, Rockaway, Sharon Springs, &c., and will be accompanied by that charming artist, Madame D'Angri, Mr. Mollenhauer and others. Strakosch is, of course, the moving spirit in this enterprise. He wishes to give the great maestro a season of healthful enjoyment, and to combine pleasure with business. This little trip will, of course, be a great success, for everything succeeds with Strakosch. He seems to have discovered the long-hidden secret of the alchemist, for everything he touches turns to gold.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA FOR THE ACADEMY.—The time is approaching when the new prima donna, Signora Camilla Frescolini, may be expected. She is the first artist engaged by Mr. Ullman for the coming season at the Academy of Music. There is much speculation as to her merits, but our readers may rest contented on that score—she will do. Why she will do, we will explain in our next.

DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The tide of success which flowed in upon this establishment upon its opening night has continued ever since. The house is crowded to overflowing every night, and the performances are received with roars of laughter and applause. At this time of year such a success is wonderful. We feel that we can record the Olympic Theatre as one of our permanent institutions.

CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—The hot weather has but little effect upon the temple of Momo. George Christy's pun is unailing. The public never tires of his jokes, and he still retains his universal favoritism. Our readers should remember, if they expect an evening to pass slowly from having nothing to do, that Christy & Wood's is always open, and their amusing powers never fail.

LITERATURE.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. From Original Documents. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This is a history of the life of a great man. For two or three years past the English papers have been filled with accounts of the extraordinary triumphs won by the magic eloquence of this remarkable man. From a provincial town in England the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was called at the age of nineteen years to preach before a London congregation in New Park Street Chapel. It was a temporary call; but so profound was the impression made by his eloquence, that he was induced to take the permanent ministry of that chapel, which is among the oldest and most celebrated of the Baptist places of worship. For one hundred and seventeen years this congregation had been presided over by

only two ministers; and these were men of profound ability and eminent piety. This, then, was a formidable ministry for a boy of nineteen to attempt to fill. But he halted not, he doubted not; strong in the faith of his heavenly mission, he entered upon this enlarged sphere of usefulness with an humble but confident spirit, and the native eloquence which springs from his heart subdued all opposition, and attracted thousands to listen to his preaching. In a short time the chapel was found too small to contain even a tithe of those who flocked to it in the hope of being able to sit under his ministry; and while this building was being enlarged, Spurgeon preached in Exeter Hall. But large as this building is, thousands were time after time disappointed in their endeavor to hear him. This swelled the excitement, and he next preached in the great Concert Hall of the Surrey Gardens. Ten thousand people gained admittance, but these were only a portion of the vast crowd that attempted to get into the place. So his fame has spread all over the civilized world, until, at this present moment, he stands a shining mark towards whom all eyes are directed.

Genius and Faith only could have won for so mere a boy in years so vast and so honorable a reputation. Like all great men, he has his enemies, whose wrath becomes more bitter in proportion as its object rises in the estimation of the world. Some of the lay press have attacked him with reckless animosity, but he will live this down. On the other hand, his warmest admirers have been found in the ranks of the ministers of opposing denominations. This is a crowning proof of the intellectual greatness of the man and of the purity of his life.

There is much to admire, and there is much to ponder on, in the book under notice. The incidents of his early life—the first promptings to the sacred calling—the development of a character at once remarkable and beautiful, are full of natural and intense interest to all thinking minds. These are related in the sketch of his life before us, with great faithfulness of detail and with much skill. It is a book well worth reading, and is a necessary introduction to his Sermons, which are published, we believe, by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. We commend this book to our readers, and we have no doubt that its perusal will create a strong desire to read the striking and solid writings of the great man of whom it treats. Such was the effect it had upon us, and such is the effect that it will have generally. The book is well brought out.

NATIONAL REAPER AND MOWER TRIAL—UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

EARLY on the morning of the glorious 14th of July, the conductors of the reaping and mowing machines commenced arriving on the ground selected for the trial. The most commonplace observer noticed a marked difference in the excellence of the various machines in simplicity of construction and elegance of manufacture.

The day was propitious, though exceedingly warm, and the grass and grain were in excellent condition for the mower and reaper. At an early hour the gates of the fair grounds were thrown open, and the farmers and mechanics present occupied their time in the examination of the machines intended for the trial. By ten o'clock the grounds presented a most animated appearance. At eleven the President of the Society, M. P. Wilder, Esq., arrived under the escort of the Chief-Marshal. Delegations from the New York State Society, the Kentucky State Society, and the Rhode Island Society were presented, as were also numbers of our agricultural editors, members of the secular press, stock-breeders, horticulturists and professional gentlemen. Among the prominent politicians we noticed Gov. King, of New York, and Gov. Morehead, of Kentucky.

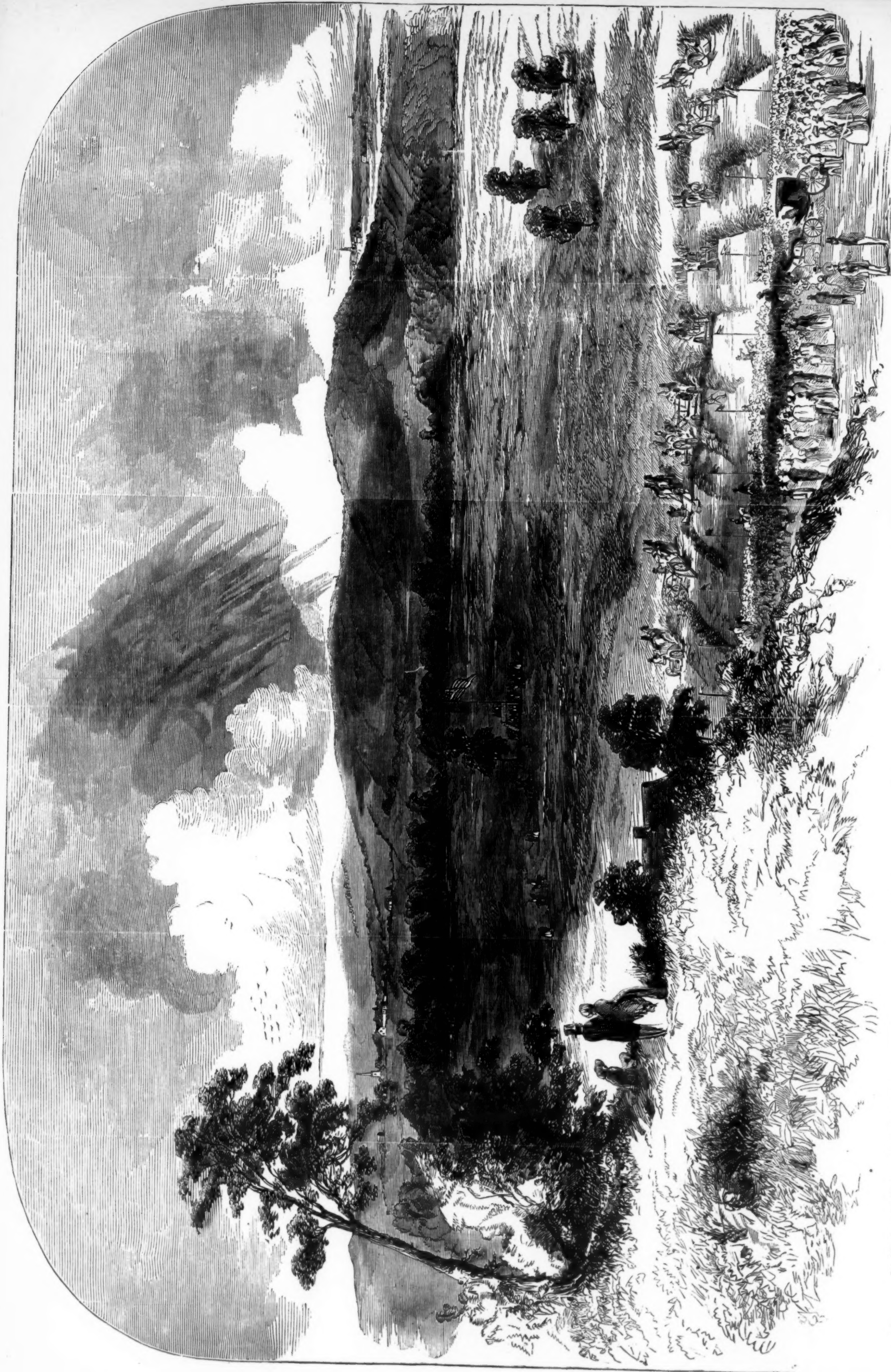
The President of the Society, the Governors and Ex-Governors, invited guests and others, were seated upon the platform, where they witnessed the novel procession of the reapers and mowers, an illustration of which we gave last week. After passing twice round the horse track the column halted in front of the stand, when President Wilder proceeded to deliver his opening address to the competitors, judges, and the public. He traced the origin of the inventions of reapers; spoke of the gradual increase in the excellence of results obtained by inventors and the demand by the public; spoke of the present trial and the forthcoming one at Louisville having resulted from the action of the Committee at Philadelphia, and his own indorsement of it at the Washington meeting of the Society in January last, and closed with some very happy congratulations upon the auspicious omens which seemed to have smiled upon the effort now about being practically realized. On the conclusion of his remarks, in obedience to popular calls, addresses were delivered by Gov. King and Gov. Morehead, both of which were exceedingly earnest and eloquent. Gov. King testified, in the most emphatic manner, to the energy and devotion to agriculture of Marshal P. Wilder, the President, and Gov. Morehead spoke with such kindness of the United States Society, and such patriotic love for the general good of the agricultural public, as to be frequently interrupted by applause.

After a lunch and a parade, the trial ground was reached, the competitors took their respective places, and, at signal given by Superintendent Holmes, the bugler's notes sounded clear and shrill, and were joyfully echoed back by the distant hills. As the notes died away, the machines started to the work, and at once a scene of intense excitement was presented.

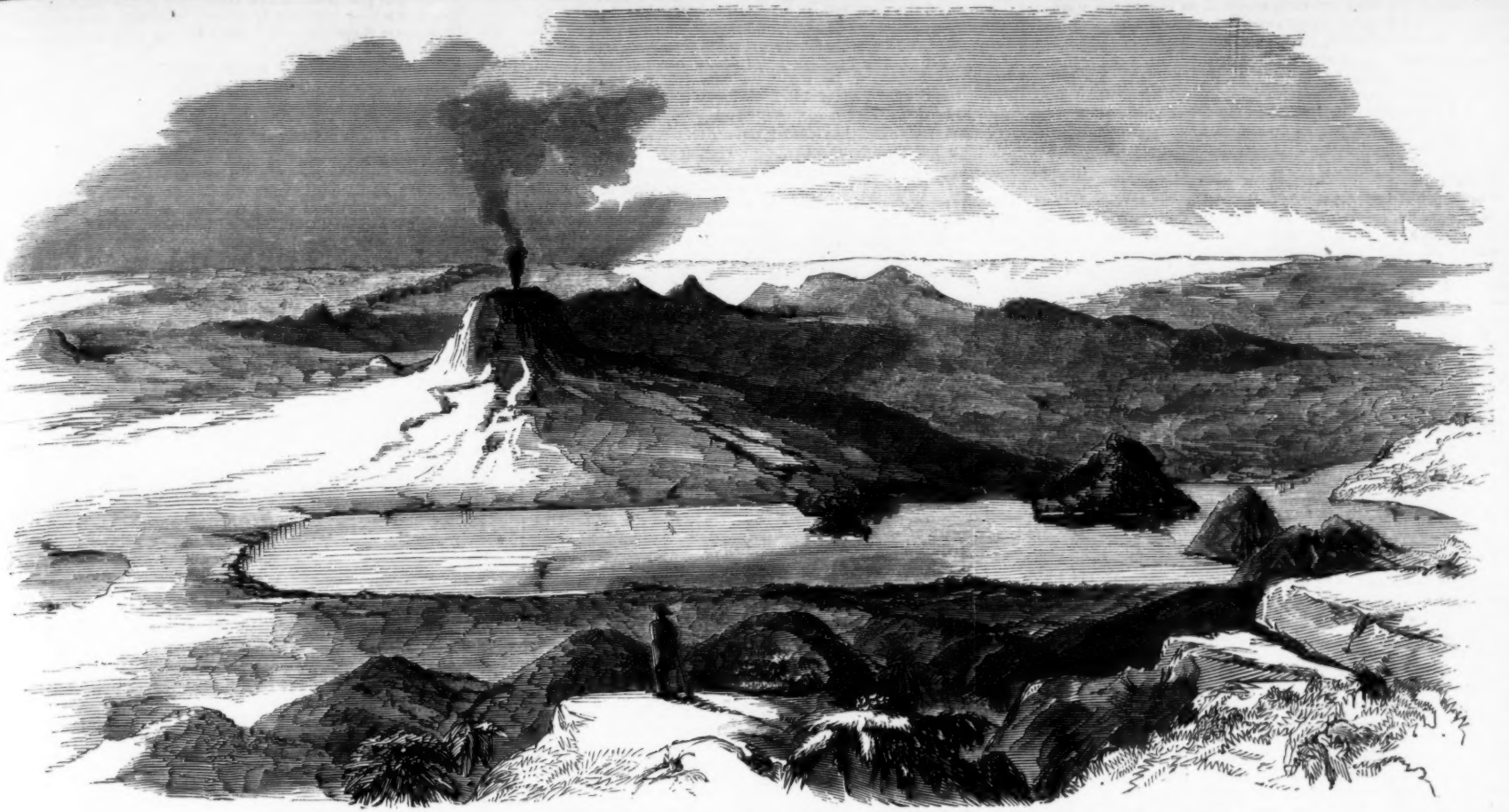
Our magnificent page picture shows where the contest took place; it was in one of those lovely valleys, so familiar to all who are acquainted with American scenery. The trial field below contains some fifty or more acres of rye, the surface of it swelling, heaving, and rolling like the bosom of the ocean. The view is caught just as the bugle has sent forth its clear ringing note for the start of the machines. The President is seen upon the stand in the centre of the field; the Marshals upon horseback are ranged inside the fence. The hill overlooking the field is crowded with the farmers of the neighborhood and citizens of Syracuse, and the road is filled with pedestrians, carriages, horses, and riders. It was a magnificent sight, and we hail its occurrence as a triumphant indication of our peace and prosperity. Here was a field of strife; here were crowds eagerly witnessing the contest; but we hear not the roar of cannon, the sharp running crashing of musketry, the rumbling of ambulances, groans, and cries, and shrieks, as one hears upon the battle-field. It is a contest of friendly rivalry, magnificent in its interest, and in entire harmony with the grandeur and loveliness of the scene around it.

The President of the National Society, Col. M. P. Wilder, of Massachusetts, deserves for his labors an emphatic acknowledgment. He is not in public life, and we believe does not aspire to be; he has, by diligence in business, acquired a competence, and has attained an age at which most men in comfortable circumstances are inclined to throw aside the cares and labors of active life, and enjoy that repose for which they have honorably struggled so long. Yet Col. Wilder continues to give his time, his means, and his best energies to the cause of agricultural progress, with the enthusiasm of youth, and a constancy befitting the prime of life. Long may he live to pursue his career of honorable usefulness, and at its close may a fit successor be found to follow in his footsteps.

One of the most striking features of the Fair was that presented by the Inventors there congregated—they were generally sun-browned, firm-built men, with features seamed by thought, and many a disappointment and anxious care, but with strong hands, and faces beaming with intelligence and talent. We were pointed out among these the first man who ever made a machine that mowed grass satisfactorily by horse-power. How many approximations, failures, fruitless efforts, preceded this success, we could easily imagine—how often prudent friends remonstrated against this obstinate pursuit of a chimera while profitable work was neglected, landlord clamorous for rent, and children crying for bread. We could only hope that his final triumph had made him generous amends for the necessary sacrifices and privations of the preceding struggle. And thus to all inventors—to all who earnestly labor and dare for the attainment of ends of signal and wide-spread beneficence—we heartily wish a guerdon proportioned to their efforts and their achievements.



UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, SYRACUSE, N. Y. TRIAL OF THE REAPERS AND MOWERS, JULY 14, 1857. THE STANT AT THE SOUND OF THE BUGLE. SEE PAGE 119.



LAKE MANAGUA AND THE VOLCANO OF MESSIAH, NICARAGUA, CENTRAL AMERICA. FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY G. W. BOWLY.

TRIP TO THE GOLD MINES OF NICARAGUA. BY GEORGE W. BOWLY.

A bad start; from Granada to Sippi-Sapa—description of the wonderful parasite Mata-Palo, or hill tree; appearance of the towns; the Padre; a sleepy Señor; interesting old lady; her hard fortune; an adventure while bathing; Seveco, the Weathersfield of Nicaragua—incident connected with its early history; a sudden change of scenery; Hacienda of San Ramon; a native Nicaraguan gold crusher; good eating extempore; abundance of gold.

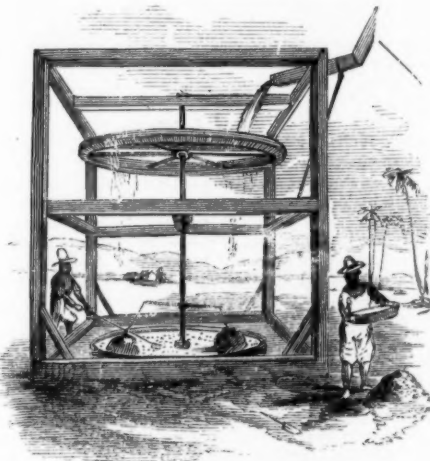
In the month of June, 1854, I happened to be on business in the city of Granada, Nicaragua, having concluded which, I proposed to my friends who were with me to make a trip to the mining region of Matagalpa. They, however, had other things to attend to and declined. I determined to go without them, and, as I was not acquainted with the roads, resolved upon hiring a native to accompany me.

Having found a man just come from the country with a cargo (mule load) of onions from Seveco—the Weathersfield of Nicaragua—who was about to return, I bargained with him to accompany me. He agreed to go with me on foot for two dollars, but as I thought it would be a slow way to travel, I proposed for him to take a mule, to which he agreed for four dollars. I paid him one-half, and mounted; we started, he on foot driving his mule before him.

I thought, of course, that he would mount after we got out of the town, and travelled on in this manner some few miles, in which distance I had to wait for him frequently; and, finally finding that "taking a mule" with him, was actually slower than if he had gone without, I determined to abandon the hope of a companion, for I found his mule to be so intractable, that he could not mount behind me; I therefore left him, and went upon my winding way alone.

The road from Granada to Sippi-Sapa—the river connecting

Nicaragua and Managua—is through one of the most fertile as well as one of the most interesting parts of the State, winding round the lake a short distance from its shore, and varied with al-



A NATIVE NICARAGUAN GOLD CRUSHER.

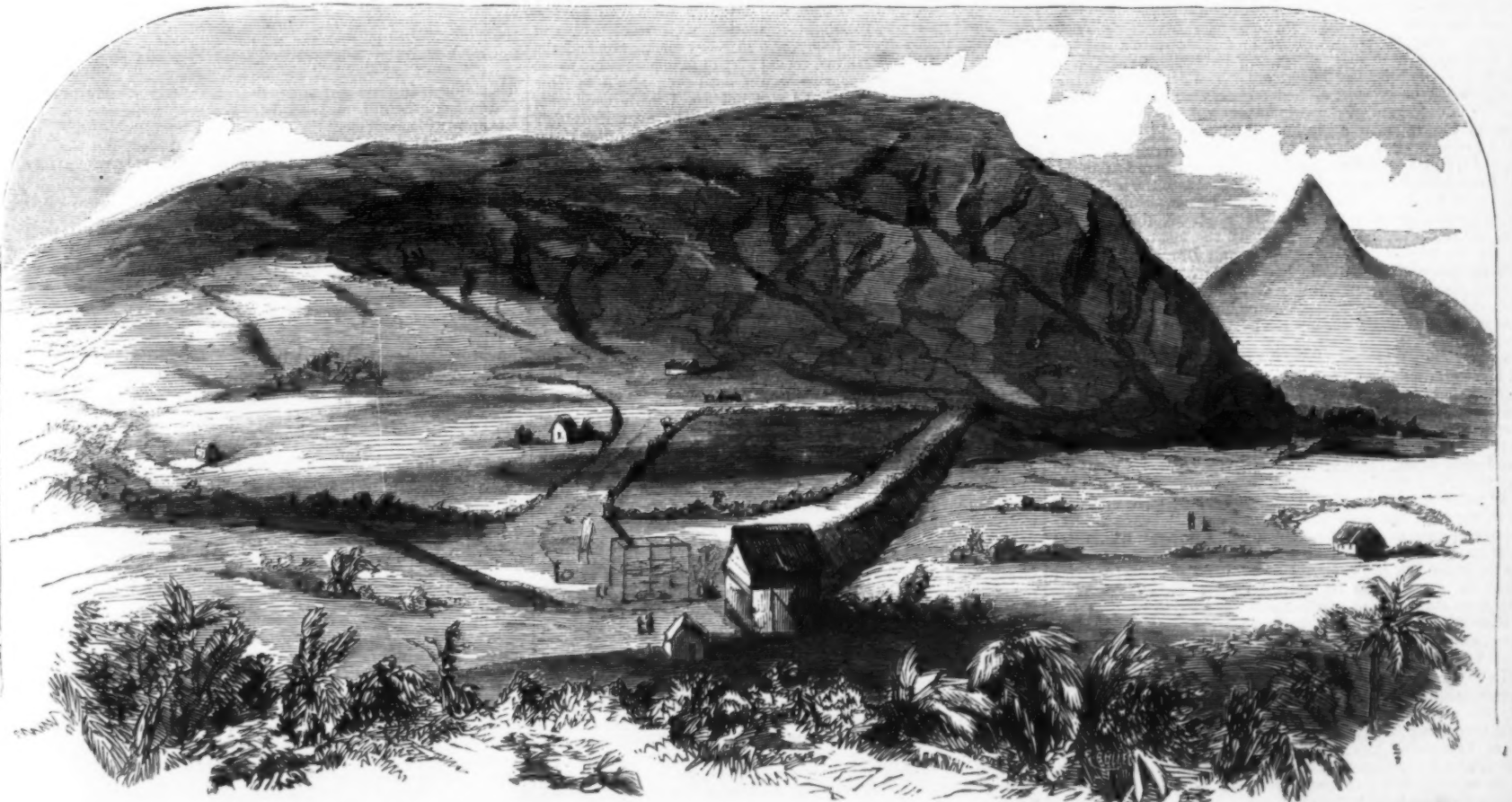
most every variety of tree and shrub indigenous to these latitudes, the most conspicuous of which are a species of cotton-tree, the

India-rubber, and the Mata-Palo, or hill-tree, a sketch of which among our illustrations, will be found on page 124.

This tree is one of the most remarkable features of this singular land; it is the rankest of all the rank growths; springing from the roots of some time-honored but decayed monarch of the forest, it creeps like a thread to the top, and then commences to spread, throwing its shade far and wide, while its roots penetrate its supporter at every joint along its whole line, thereby drawing the sap from its mother tree, and living upon its very vitals. These roots interlace the whole tree, and in time completely cover it, the old trunk and branches still proudly bearing up its destroyers; but ere long signs are seen of destruction, the leaves change their hue, portions decay, and after a certain length of time the old tree is buried in a living grave, eaten up, as it were, by the destroyer it fondly supported, when it was, unassisted, unable to raise itself from the ground.

Not satisfied with this, the parasite then commences to suck its own sap; shooting out long fibres, that creep along its bark and enter again, or hanging down until they touch a lateral limb, pierce it, until finally it becomes one mass of braces, so supported that it is stronger than the best framework can possibly be made, and now it stands like some great monster which has succeeded in securing the life-blood of those who raised it to a position, and, thus defiant, it swells out its filthy green boughs, its poisonous fibres drink in the deep pollution it has caused, while all around and beneath is devastation.

The crowing of game-cocks gave evidence that in this, as in all other places in this country, they still kept up the debasing practice of fighting these noble birds; each house having from two to a dozen fowls, tied by the leg to a roosting stool, and the Padres more than any of their flocks; a small grass-covered house occupied the centre of what was once (and, I believe, still is) called the Plaza, containing a butcher's stall, where meat was dealt out by the string in exchange for money, cocoa, plantains,



THE GOLD MINES OF SAN RAMON, STATE OF NICARAGUA, CENTRAL AMERICA. FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY G. W. BOWLY.

and soap; a baker's dozen of dogs looked wistfully up, as lean as the beef which they coveted, ready all to clutch the unmarrowed bones the butcher flung away as he satisfied himself himself with the exclamation, *que gordu* (how fat).

Putting myself up, or rather down, at the most inviting house, I entered the principal room, and found the Padre, the tailor, and the cook-jockey, who were so eager over their game of dice, that, for a time, they did not notice my appearance; they were betting high, however, having up *ten beans of cocoa* each; it is no wonder they did not notice me, having up such a stake, which, valued in money, would come to about one cent and three-fourths.

The Padre at last got the "pool," as they generally do, and we were soon known to each other, and the Padre invited me to his house; but I must not attempt to tell *all* I saw and did—for over the Sierras is a long road to travel—suffice to say, that having become the observed of all observers, eating a complement of badly cooked eggs, tortillas, poor beef, and having made friends of every one in the town and indulged in a night's rest, we (my horse and myself) again took to the road, giving the reins loosely that the animal should have his own gait, when suddenly a native boy overtook me in the road, bringing a spur I left behind and the Padre's respects. I had evidently made an impression on the Padre and some of his household, as I advise all to do who travel in such Catholic countries. The boy, who was going my way, pitched along as is usual, in a half trot, half walk, so I found the spur an acquisition to remind my horse that we were not there for the sole purpose of picking leaves from the roadside, and thus I managed to keep up a running conversation as we tripped along. The wild plums hung in rich profusion on the trees, and also the monkey-fruit, a very pleasant berry to the taste; but I remembered that once I had eaten too much of the latter, and the former needed cultivation to be sweet. In this slop-shod style, I soon reached the town of Sippi-Sapa, where the boy left me, because, as he said, "he did not wish to be pressed into the government service, for there were soldiers in the town;" so, with the parting salutation, he gave me a *Dios*, and was soon lost sight of behind the cactus that surrounded an old house on the outskirts of the village.

I had not proceeded far when two bayonets were presented to me, with the demand for a passport. Having none, I was escorted to the commandant to report myself, and after a long time persuaded him I was on a peaceable mission. He then gave me a pass to sign, after having, with the assistance of a clerk, used up three sheets of paper in making it out, who, upon seeing me sign, made this liberal remark, "Oh, I like that country (America), where, go into any corner of the States, and you will not find a person who cannot write his name, and read, too," saying which, he magnified himself into the utmost importance as one who was enlightened also, and swelled about considerably more when I spoke to him approvingly of his abilities, and all this, notwithstanding he had failed to get up a pass until the third writing; my object was accomplished, however, and I left.

A short distance brought me to the river Sippi-Sapa. A lunch, a bath near the hot spring, a drink for my horse, and I was prepared to cross. As I adjusted my saddle several women were preparing to follow me; I asked them how deep it was. "Only up to here," said they, making a mark across their persons; and as they made preparations to go on I thought it would be rather more gallant for me to be in front than behind, so I plunged in and found it fully up to the waist. Here I turned my attention to the fact of what an easy matter it would be to make a canal from one lake to the other, thereby adding sixty-five miles to the inland navigation, and I have since learned that it will be one of the first public works projected when things are settled in this distracted country; but allow me to say here, that should it by any accident fall back under its old rulers there is no hope for improvements; what nature's God made it so it will remain. But I am looking to the time when enlightenment shall have its steamers on the lakes, when peace shall be restored, cities built on the lovely sites marked out by nature for them, and the rich mines of this neighborhood pour their treasures through this channel, while cattle shall pasture on a thousand hills, flocks browse on the mountain tops, and miles of fertile soil, over which now all is desolation, shall then yield their bounteous supplies. If there be one who does not desire this consummation let him speak, for him have I offended. If there be one who does not wish it let him speak, for he does not enter into the prayer of the poor down-trodden native.

From Sippi-Sapa to Concepcion (a hacienda situated about midway on the stretch of land formed by the Chontales mountains on the east and Lake Managua on the west,) is a good morning ride; this land is of rather a barren nature, but produces more dyewood than perhaps any portion of the State, being studded with these valuable trees. Through this mine of wealth I passed, reaching Concepcion in time to find the owner taking his siesta, or rather day-sleep, for he is in his swing nearly all the time, only rising to give his orders in a yawning manner, and then falling back in his hammock. Everything goes on of course in keeping with the Señor, and it is a deplorable picture indeed. With the greatest difficulty I managed to get a tortilla and a cup of chocolate.

Leaving the Señor in a glorious slumber I paid my fare to a servant and was once more on my way, now more barren, less frequented, and less interesting than the other portion of the road; the dyewood became scarcer, and in its place the tree which produces the kind of gourd out of which the natives make their cups, of an ornamental as well as useful kind. Nothing here attracted my attention, and as I approached the foot of the mountains the country became more open, and I found that I had passed the place where I was to have staid over night. As the sun went down I began to feel somewhat uneasy, particularly as I heard an unearthly whine coming out from a most unpromising hill of unshapen rocks, the road at the same time becoming more obscure.

After travelling some time I began to feel the necessity of finding a house, if there was one, so I adopted the same plan I had done on other occasions and succeeded; I sung and whooped along the road as loud as I could, and in a short time I heard a dog bark some distance ahead. I followed the sound, and in a little time had the pleasure of seeing a small hut amongst the trees situated upon a hill, which after considerable trouble I managed to ascend. As I reached the house an old woman of perhaps seventy years met me, and after a salutation, which was very hurried, she plied me with questions as fast as she could utter them, inviting me at the same time to come in. Now I do not pretend to say there was anything of a very attractive character about the house, but one feels under a roof that there is a security; although the grass might be softer than the beds, the open air sweeter than the fumes of a half-smothered fire, yet you feel that you have the companionship of your species, and, as in this instance, accept a bed of reeds and your saddle for a pillow, rather than not feel you are not near some human being.

This old house proved to be a hospitable one, notwithstanding its unpromising exterior; for the old lady, one of the ancient stock, still retained the impression of former years, when she painted everything in fairy colors, and her confidence increased in me as she saw that I evidently took an interest in all she said of her former position, family and wealth, things she possessed until the series of civil wars commenced which have rendered this elysium a howling wilderness.

Having despatched a boy to the lake for some fish, the señorita commenced the preparations for a meal; meantime she fell into a rambling description of her life and family, and told me how she had been born of a noble family, grown to promising womanhood, was married to the one she loved; how her husband became ambitious, headed a party to give her country peace, with a detailed account of his noble behavior at the memorable massacre at Seviso. Her lands were confiscated, and she retired to this spot, where she has since remained unmolested.

Political animosities were running high at this time; one section was arrayed against another, the Leon against the Granada party. It was just after the first memorable siege of Granada, and a party of Indians from the Matagalpa district were marching to Granada. Hearing they had encamped in the neighborhood, and that their commander's daughter was with them, I sent one of some boxes of sardines I had, with my respects, to her. This so pleased the party, that I was immediately requested to visit them.

It was a grotesque scene; a great many fires burnt round at the foot of the hill, and flickered through the darkness of the night, at which groups were seated roasting plantains and dried beef. The commander with his officers were stretched out on blankets, encircling the one on which reposed the daughter of the regiment. I was soon introduced, and by the light of the watch-fires was able to see the reflection in the dark eyes of the señorita, and to converse with her.

Having amused myself a while, I returned to the hut and to my bed of reeds, and slept as a traveller tired and weary only can sleep; the next morning by daylight I passed the encampment—the Indians with their bows and arrows, and the commander on his pallet borne by four Indians, and the señorita on her horse; I kissed my hand to her, and we parted. My road was now from a level of the lake to the mountain top, a succession of steep ascents, a highway that once was called the royal road, now cut down and worn so as to be almost impassable. I managed to ascend, however, after some five hours' labor, to the top, where a scene burst upon my view which fully repaid me, a view such as I have never seen before or since, commanding almost all the low lands of Nicaragua, Lake Nicaragua, and Managua, and the volcanoes of Momabache, Messiah, El Viejo, and the Island Mountain of Omatépe.

From this stand-point I could see the low lands of the Rivas department south, the mountains of Matagalpa north, the Chontales to the east, and the level plain of Leo to the west, with El Viejo to the extreme right, and the volcano of Messiah belching forth clouds of smoke, which floated over some hundred miles over the Pacific Ocean.

As I cast my eye over this lovely scene, I remembered the words of the old lady I had left in the morning—"Is there no hope for my country? Must I go down to my grave and see no return of those happy days, when youth had its blessings, virtue its reward, love its chosen bowers, industry its recompense, and age its holy retirements; when the fields gave their abundant supplies, and this road was studded with rich freights from the mines and mountain products? Who shall redeem this land? We have a legend here that there is to come one called the 'gray-eyed man,' under whose providential rule we are again to be blessed. Would that he were come!"

Chicoya is the next town I reached; after having crossed several mountain ridges, and having found a house where I proposed to remain for the night, I proceeded for a bath to the river, a fine stream running in a crescent round the town giving it a very picturesque appearance. I had not been in the water long when an old woman came with some soap and offered to bathe me, but I thankfully declined this as I was not accustomed to it, at which she was a little astonished, in her simplicity saying, "I can wash you better than you can yourself." She then commenced to tease me by telling me there were *gatos* (crocodiles) in the river, and turning to a smooth-barked tree she cut it, when a milky juice ran out which she called *veneno diablo* (devil's poison), and that one drop of that placed in the eye or on a cut would produce instant death.

I thanked her for her information, and begged she would not use any of it on me. She laughingly went away to get my supper, which I found to be a mixture of plantains, eggs, onions, &c., all boiled up together in one mass, all of which I did not relish much; but getting the same things together I showed her a little of my cooking in the shape of fried eggs, fried plantains, fried onions, some nicely toasted dried beef, and adding a good cup of chocolate, which she did not know how to make, and a cracker or two I had with me, I made such a meal as any hungry man would not have grumbled at.

The women were all very much amused at my knowledge of culinary affairs, and said they would know how to cook for the strangers next time. Having finished my meal, I brought out some little trinkets I had with me and gave them round; my new-made friends were delighted, put them on and strutted round with their newly earned finery, and in a few moments I had the whole town down to see me, some to try to purchase, some to see the American. Some persons would have been afraid to show them anything of value; but I was not so, I made confidants of them and went on my way rejoicing. The next morning's sun found me on a beautiful and level road, many miles away towards Seviso.

Seviso is beautifully situated on an eminence commanding a very extensive view of what was once a thickly populated country, and a pretty river that flows round the foot of the hill; but thanks to the revolutions, there are but few huts now, sparsely situated, and as little cultivation. Round the town, however, onions are cultivated to a considerable extent, and as I remarked before, it is the Weathersfield of Nicaragua.

The onion beds are planted near the river, and they are irrigated by means of spouts, the water being raised by hand from the river, the agriculturists not having the sense to cut ditches from a dam above, or of erecting a wheel which would elevate the water. The old lady might well exclaim, "Oh, my country! my country!"

This is one of the most interesting towns in the State. At one time the citizens being wealthy, and a restraint being imposed upon them by the Government of Spain in the way of lordly officials, they proposed to buy the freedom of the town; so they sent seven mule-loads of gold to King Ferdinand, of Spain, and in return he granted them a free municipality with six miles square of territory, at the same time gave them a golden charger mounted by a golden knight, which were deposited in the church in due form, with the papers and the King's seal; the seal and certificate still remains, but the horse and rider have long since disappeared. The town is said to be situated on a gold bearing rock; this, however, I am not inclined to believe, as it does not lay in the gold region proper, but is on the other side from it.

To produce these riches paid to Ferdinand, the Hydalgos had oppressed the Indians; they were made to pay heavy tribute to the crown, they were forced to the mines, and in fact were nothing more than slaves. This aroused them to mutiny throughout the mountains, knots of them got together and resolved to be free, bows were cut, the sinews of the deer came into requisition, the straight bushes of the hills made arrows, and the flint-headed arrow was dipped in the *veneno diablo* (devil's poison). There was concert of action; Seviso was besieged; it held out for a short time, but the Indians were fired with a desperate energy; they scaled the walls, and the inhabitants were all massacred,

none left to tell the tale. From that time it has dilapidated, until it is but a poor remnant of what it was, but the certificate and the seal are there yet to tell the tale that they were once a free community—a happy people.

There had been a report that Seviso was to be attacked, and on my return I entered the town late at night; I found that the lights disappeared as I advanced, and before I reached the Plaza the whole town was darkened. I saw one light, however, that glimmered, and I rode towards it. I found a room full of persons, male and female, who had evidently collected to consider what was to be done? They spoke not a word as I rode up, and I accosted them as friends, which seemed to relieve them very much. I mentioned that I was a traveller, and wanted a house to sleep in; they did not seem to credit me, however, and said I must go further on to a house where they generally entertained strangers, and gave me the direction. I then started to find the house, but there being a steep hill between, my horse stumbled, and threw me over his head, carrying the saddle along. After some time, I managed to collect the trappings together, and had to return, and, riding boldly up, told them they must furnish me with a lodging. One of them then came forward and asked me several questions, which being satisfactorily answered, he took me to his house, where I spent the night.

The road from Seviso to Matagalpa is over several mountain ridges, but sufficiently varied with mountain scenery to be very interesting. The Indians who live here cultivate some cotton, several fields of which I saw, but it was dwarfish, as these people do not understand the art and benefits of cultivation; they make sufficient, however, for their use, and they care for no more. I also saw several beautiful birds, new to me, and such as do not inhabit the lower lands; one resembled the Bird of Paradise; it is here called the Prince's Bird, from the fact that the old Indian chiefs only were allowed to wear the feathers in their head-dress.

As I rode along this road, I found that at times my horse would suddenly start as by some inward impulse, and his haying done so frequently, I determined to find, if possible, the cause; on watching very closely, I found that there were a number of small leads of quartz crossing the road, and as my whole thoughts were centred on the mines I was going to see, I found that it was my own excitement that caused me to lean in my spurs to the horse's side, which excited him to dart forward. How natural it was to become unconsciously excited as I approached a country where leads of gold-bearing quartz in almost every mountain crossed it at regular intervals! I began, however, by this time to feel a little weary and quite lonely; for I confess, however pleasant it is to get rid of people for a time, still the heart naturally turns longing for its own kind; even Byron, when he wished for the wilderness, could not help thinking of "one fair spirit" to minister to him there.

Sitting doggedly down upon a stump before I reached the top of the hill that commands a view of Matagalpa, I began to revolve in my mind how foolish I was to be roaming away into such a country, no friends near, and everything looking particularly drear, for it was just at the end of the dry season.

At this moment my thoughts crowded upon me as fast perhaps as they do upon the mind of a drowning man. With nothing to divert my attention, sitting on a stump in a wood near the top of a wild mountain, in a strange country, and alone, my first thoughts were of home, family, friends; then I ran back to the days of my childhood, then to the days of my youthful aspirations, when I determined to strike out from the ordinary paths of man to some higher ambition. With a severe effort I was again on my horse, we reached the hill top, when lo! a scene burst upon my view the effect of which I cannot describe. I had now turned to the Atlantic side; the mists driven by the trade-winds brushed their damp folds along the hill-sides, giving life to vegetation, and the mountains were clad with a velvet verdure to their cloud-capped tops; the green pines and oaks bore their vernal heads pointedly against the blue heavens, and this when I had just turned from a picture where everything was dry and dead; the contrast was therefore greater, and I caught myself involuntarily exclaiming,

"In Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

Matagalpa laid before me, imbedded in the emerald hills, at the side of a sweet stream, whose cool waters sung a joyous song to my ears, as they gurgled down the valley to be lost finally in the Atlantic Ocean.

Having thrown myself into the bosom of the cooling waters, and wooed its health-restoring embrace, my spirits were again buoyant as I coursed along its green banks to Matagalpa, an old mining town, which gave as evident signs of decay as any place in the State. The church had its cracked bell, the old water-wheel was broken down, the inhabitants were not more energetic than I had found them elsewhere, and the old street crossings plainly told that its glory had departed, never to be improved by the mongrel race that possess it.

Here I found good wheat bread—as wheat is grown in the neighborhood—of which I ate heartily and passed on, the scene deepening in interest as I proceeded. The clouds hung in deep folds around the hill-tops, and the grassy rolling prairies extended far and wide, sufficient for the pasturage of thousands upon thousands of cattle; but there were few to be seen, and the deer held undisputed sway over the rich mountain-tops, where they could hide instantly at the approach of danger.

A few miles over this evergreen, and I was on the hacienda of San Ramon, the place I started to see, a sketch of which is presented. As I approached the place the sun was setting behind the hills; a sweet air came up through the valley; the birds were singing a song to departing day; which with the inspiration of the moment, the knowledge that I was treading on a golden soil, and the sweet balmy temperature, more completely satisfied me with the place, and produced sensations of pleasure I never before experienced.

I was somewhat fatigued, but I climbed to the top of a round hill to get a better view of the scene. The summer breath fell in subdued tones on my ear, borne down as it was by perfumes that exhaled from the copses of wild orange, lemon and wood lily—a species exceedingly fragrant, so much so as to be perceived sometimes for nearly a mile. The mountain in front, with its brambled and rugged ravines, raised itself proudly up to the clouds, holding, as it does, untold millions within its rough exterior, while rivulets sprung from every gorge to give its power to those who would use it, or its fertilizing qualities to the vale beneath.

Nature is here somewhat reversed. We are accustomed to see the tallest grass in the meadow and the hill-tops as bleak and barren as the clime they inhabit; but here the hills are greenest at top, as vegetation here receives its first kiss from the clouds that hang round, presenting a very novel and interesting appearance. Several streams were concentrated, by means of aqueducts, to a point near the house I had chosen for my temporary residence, where an old *arastra* was made to turn by its force, dashing on a large wheel connected with a shaft that dragged two large stones round in a bed, where the quartz were placed to be worn out, and the gold deposits amalgamated with quicksilver. This old mill is kept running until the natives want some money, when they clean up, taking from three to eight hundred dollars a month, according as they have been industrious or lazy. There are some fourteen *arastras* running in this place alone, and I was astonished to find that the water-wheels were made of rose-

wood and a species of zebra-wood, but much more beautiful than any I had yet seen—such wood as a palace would be decorated with, but only laid on as a veneering.

I here eat wheat bread—the wheat grown on the place—but the meal was a woful one for such a country, and I determined to have better. A cheap ring or two (brass, in a land of gold) soon gained me the good will of the folks; so by the time morning came, the peons, or laborers, brought in their offerings. A few of the large stocks of sugar-cane, that grew on the field above the house, were crushed, and we had sugar; the cows were found, and we had butter, milk, &c.; the natives brought rice, chickens, eggs, beans, honey; some brought cigars, native wine and penole; we had strayed into the groves and returned with bananas, oranges and lemons; and from the banks of the streams I collected mint for a mint-salad; and as I sat down to a feast, all being the productions of this one place, I exclaimed "Eureka!" A deer I had killed furnished fresh meat, and after breaking the fast of the night I visited one of the mines. I found a belt of quartz, bearing gold, some thirty feet wide, of detached boulders of rotten or ripe quartz, which yielded from one hundred and fifty dollars and upwards to the ton, running through the entire mountain, and plainly cropping out on the point of the hill, but it had been hardly opened, as the natives are very poor miners.

Having pulverized a small piece of the quartz, I was clearing it up, when a boy came and dug in the sides of the stream. Collecting a horn-full of the earth, he washed it out, when there remained in the bottom a small pinch of fine gold, which satisfied me that gold was disseminated throughout the whole soil.

For a short time I indulged in the pleasures of the country—roamed, fished, shot and bathed, and I only left determined to revisit this scene, with a power whose iron jaws should grind out my share of the wealth embedded in these romantic mountains. Who will follow?

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH.

AUTHOR OF THE "LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXI.—Continued.

On the day appointed for the second examination of Sir John Sellem, the Lord Mayor's court was crowded, not only with victims of frauds, but by men of the leading bankers and merchants of the city. Years had elapsed since such a sensation had been created in the commercial world.

The line of defence chosen by the bankrupt was an artful one, and calculated to excite the sympathy of many who came prepared to blame him. He candidly avowed the misappropriation of the bonds and various securities placed by his numerous clients in his hands for safe keeping—confessed how he had been induced to speculate in Spanish funds, and the consequent run upon his house; and stated that, had the discovery been retarded six months longer, every shilling subtracted would have been replaced—in truth of which assertion he appealed to the rising value of the scrip, of which he was so large a holder.

All these circumstances, as the Lord Mayor pertinently observed, were considerations which might weigh with the jury on the trial, but with which, in the present state of the proceedings, he had nothing to do.

The first case inquired into was that of Mr. Silver, who proved the delivery of the bonds into the safe keeping of the bankrupt by producing his receipt for the same, together with the number of each bond.

"With your lordship's permission," said Mr. Tye, "I wish to ask the witness a few questions. Pray, sir," he added, turning to the complainant, "how did you become possessed of those bonds?"

"They came into my hands in the course of business," was the unembarrassed reply.

"That is to say by purchase?"

"Certainly; they were not given to me."

"Now, of whom did you purchase them?" continued the lawyer.

"Of a foreign gentleman."

"Will you swear that it was not an Englishman?"

"To the best of my belief it was not," replied Mr. Silver, unhesitatingly; "although he spoke the language fluently. If you wish for any further information on the subject, I can only refer you to Durant & Company, by whom I was introduced to him."

"And pray, sir," said Mr. Tye, after a pause, "how did you pay him?"

"For the first time the witness did not appear quite so ready in his answer. "Was it in gold, or notes?"

"Still no reply."

"Or by a cheque?"

"Neither in gold, notes, nor cheque," answered Mr. Silver, "but in Spanish scrip, and various other securities. I am sure your lordship," he added, addressing the chief magistrate, "will see the impropriety, not to say the utter uselessness of this style of examination; as a point of delicacy to my clients, I need not enter into all the details which take place in monetary transactions between us. The bonds were mine, that I swear; my sole and undisputed property. That I placed them in the hands of Sir John Sellem for safety, is equally certain. There is his receipt to prove it. It is for him to explain, if he can, how bonds so deposited came into the market."

The lawyer bit his lips with vexation, and sat down. He had failed, not in upsetting the case against his client—that he well knew to be hopeless; but in obtaining a clue to the machinations which had brought about his exposure and disgrace.

As fraud after fraud was proved against the accused by widows and orphans who had confided their only resources to his honor, the feeling in his favor evidently changed. The abyss he had dug for so many helpless persons was too terrible to contemplate.

As the Lord Mayor was about to remand Sir John for a further examination, Captain Helmsman made his way to the witness-box, and requested to be heard. There were two persons in the crowd which thronged the court who beheld his appearance with pleasure—the cashier and Gipsy Jack.

"I have an application to make," said the murderer, "which I trust your lordship will grant. It is that a packet of letters and papers of no commercial value, bearing my address, may be given up to me."

"You have been ill-advised in applying to this court," replied the magistrate, blandly. "It is out of my power to make the order you require. All papers and securities found in possession of the bankrupt, are in the hands of the assignees."

The applicant looked evidently disappointed.

"Sir John, I am sure," he said, "will confirm my statement."

"Certainly," replied the baronet; "the papers Captain Helmsman speaks of have no commercial value, and are his private property."

On hearing the name of the gentleman pronounced in the court, an officer who had been standing near the bar, hustled his way through the crowd till he reached the witness-box, and took his station directly behind him.

"I repeat that I cannot interfere," said his lordship, politely. "The application must be made elsewhere."

Helmsman bowed, and was about to retreat, when a hand was placed upon his shoulder—it was the officer's.

A loud chuckle was heard in the court: it came from Gipsy Jack.

"He has him," he whispered to his companion.

The cashier nodded and smiled.

"You are my prisoner," said the officer.

"Prisoner?" repeated the astonished captain; "there must be some mistake."

The man shook his head.

"With what am I charged?"

"Murder."

On hearing the fatal word, the sang froid and courage of the guilty wretch forsook him. He cast a despairing look around, and at that moment envied the position of Sir John Sellem. Degraded as it was, how gladly would he have changed places with him.

When he recovered the temporary stupor into which he had fallen, he found himself handcuffed, and every eye fixed upon him with that painful curiosity which a great criminal seldom fails to inspire.

As a matter of course, so unusual a circumstance as a man being arrested on a capital charge in his court, compelled the Lord Mayor to demand the authority on which such a procedure took place. The officer handed him the warrant.

It was signed by Colonel Bryant; a county magistrate, resident near Charlton.

"This is some ridiculous error!" exclaimed the prisoner, whose confidence began to return as he reflected on the supposed death of the only witness of his crime—"or worse, the attempt of some secret enemy to deprive me of my liberty at a moment when it is most necessary to my interests."

"I trust it may prove so," observed the chief magistrate, at the same time handing the warrant to the clerk, who returned it to the officer.

"If your lordship will only hear—"

"It would be useless, quite useless," observed the former, at the same time motioning for him to be removed.

As the prisoner, a prey to terror—would we could add remorse—was led from court, a low chuckle fell upon his ear, and caused him to turn. Great was his astonishment when his eyes fell upon the cashier and Gipsy Jack, who regarded him with an air of triumph similar to that which two successful hunters might bestow upon some ferocious animal whom they had succeeded at last in driving into the toils.

"Not dead?" he murmured; "not dead?"

"The cord is sure than the bullet," observed the vindictive Mr. Right, so loudly that Helmsman could not avoid hearing him.

"The grave the hangman digs never gives up its dead," added his companion.

Helmsman comprehended it all. He saw in an instant that it was to the revengeful feelings of his intended victims that he was indebted for his present danger.

"I am rich," he whispered, as he passed them.

The two men merely smiled.

"And able to—"

The rest was cut short by the stern voice of the officer directing him to move on.

A chaise was at the door of the Mansion House. The prisoner, accompanied by his captor and a number of the city police, took his seat in it and drove off amid the curious gaze of the crowd, who had quitted the justice-room to witness his departure.

"If the girls and Gipsy Jack appear against me," thought the wretched man, "I am lost."

Helmsman found himself driven along the very same road by which only a year before he had conducted Miss Cheery and her companion; but it was with very different feelings that he now recognized each familiar object. Then he had been full of confidence, proud in his strength and the cunning which had so successfully imposed upon two helpless, friendless beings; full of vast projects for the future. What was that future now? He trembled to ask himself. Once or twice the possibility of bribing the officers occurred to him. He regarded them anxiously, but found no signs of encouragement in their cold, impassable features; the attempt therefore was abandoned.

"This is a most extraordinary error," he said, addressing the one who had captured him.

The man made no reply.

"Could you not release me from my handcuffs?"

"Not till you are before the magistrate."

"And when will that be?"

"Directly we reach Charlton," replied the officer.

"They expect me, then?"

"To the minute."

All this proved to the prisoner that not only his presence at the Mansion House, but the manner of his arrest had been calculated upon, and arranged purposely to degrade and shame him. Suddenly he recollected that he had in his pocket-book several of the letters which he had received from Sir John Sellem whilst in Spain, and that his own letters to the baronet were contained in the packet he had publicly claimed; and it was of the greatest importance they should not fall into the hands of the prosecution. The question was, how to avoid it.

"I think you said," he resumed, addressing the officer, "that I am charged with murder?"

"With murder, Captain."

"But not with robbery, I presume?" added the prisoner, assuming a cheerful air: "I am too rich for so ridiculous a suspicion to be entertained for an instant. How my friend Colonel Bryant came to listen to the former charge is to me inexplicable; he ought to have known me better."

"There is no charge of robbery that I am aware of," observed his captor.

"My property, then, cannot be touched?"

"Not unless you are convicted, and then it becomes forfeited to the Crown; but these are points on which you had better consult your lawyer; my only duty is to apprehend you."

"Not to search me?" Helmsman longed to add, but prudence kept him silent. He saw that he had to do with one whom he could neither bribe nor outwit, and that an incautious word might defeat the faint hope which remained of destroying the letters.

On his arrival at Charlton, the accused was taken at once to the residence of Colonel Bryant, with whom were assembled two or three other county magistrates. Personally they were all known to him, but not one thought proper to notice his salute.

"If it is necessary, gentlemen," he demanded, assuming a courage he was far from feeling, "that I should be treated like a convicted felon, even before the charge against me has been heard?"

He held up his manacled wrists as he spoke.

"Take them off, officer," said the colonel, "during the examination."

"I should like first," said the man, "to search the prisoner."

The quiet smile which accompanied the words proved that the experienced detective had perfectly comprehended the drift of the questions Helmsman had put to him.

The magistrate nodded assent.

The contents of the murderer's pockets were placed upon the table. They consisted of a well-filled purse, a gold watch and a note-case, which also contained several letters: the last a very respectable-looking old gentleman, the lawyer for the prosecution, named Rackham, carefully examined. Having perused them, he handed them one by one to the bench.

As in most cases, the preliminary examination was merely a formal one, to insure a remand. The officer handed to Colonel Bryant and his brother magistrates the warrant for the arrest of Captain James Helmsman, accused of the murder of one Betsy or Bet Amos, his housekeeper; and asked for a remand till the ensuing Thursday, by which time he expected to be prepared with further evidence against the prisoner.

"I know but little of law," observed the accused, "having been a soldier the greater part of my life; and am totally unprovided with legal advice, but I believe I am entitled to hear the depositions against me?"

"Certainly," said the colonel; "the clerk will read them, and furnish your lawyer with copies."

The first was the deposition of John Lee, commonly known as Gipsy Jack, who stated that on such a day of the month, and in such a year, he had been employed by his landlord, Captain Helmsman, to assist him in transporting the body of Bet Amos from the house of her master to the lime-pits on the verge of the common, where they buried her; and that the said Captain Helmsman confessed to him he had murdered her.

The deposition next went on to state that the witness had received one hundred pounds for his service, and a promise of living rent-free in the cottage belonging to the accused for the rest of his life; that being a very ignorant person he had not known how to proceed to further the ends of justice; that while considering how he should do so, he had been inveigled into Spain by the captain; and while there an attempt had been made to put him out of the way. It next described his escape, and return to England.

"And upon such evidence a gentleman of my standing, character, and fortune, has been arrested like a common felon?" exclaimed the prisoner.

"Why, the oath of the fellow is not worth a straw. He is a notorious poacher."

"A man may be a poacher," observed Mr. Rackham, "and yet a credible witness," addressing the bench.

"What proof has he of his assertions?"

"The body has been found," replied Colonel Bryant.

"And recognized?" demanded Helmsman.

"And recognized by the surgeon who attended her, by a peculiar formation of the lower jaw; to say nothing of various articles found upon the body."

This was a blow the murderer did not expect. He had fully calculated that the lime would have effectually destroyed all possibility of recognition.

"But what motive?" he added, after a pause, "can he be as-guilty for such a useless crime. Bet was an excellent servant; I had no cause of complaint against her."

"In the present state of proceedings it is not our duty to enter into motives," observed the magistrate; "you can answer the question I am about to put to you or not at your discretion: Had you or had you not, at the time the murder is stated to have taken place, two females sequestered from their friends at your residence?"

Helmsman paused, fearing either to deny or own the truth.

"I must decline to answer," he said, "till I have the advice of my solicitor."

From that moment he asked no more questions, and made no further comments on the various depictions which were read over to him. Once or twice a convulsive twitching at the corners of the mouth betrayed the deep anxiety he endured; otherwise his demeanor appeared calm and collected.

Finally the remand was granted, and the prisoner removed to prison, everything found upon his person, with the exception of the letters, having first been restored to him.

His first care, on entering his cell, was to write to his friend Mr. Tye to come to him immediately. Unlike most of the clients of that worthy gentleman, he had never been blinded by his supposed simplicity and ignorance of affairs, but had all along regarded him as a shrewd, unprincipled, keen practitioner, who left the responsibility of the questionable transactions in which the firm was engaged to his partner, for no other reason than to avoid the responsibility.

There are more than one such legal firm in London.

The letter dispatched, he had time for reflection—for estimating his position rightly, and the chances pro and con of his escaping the penalty of his crime. They appeared doubtful enough.

It was evident that Jack was but the tool in the hands of some enemy possessed of far more cunning than himself—everything had been so admirably foreseen and arranged. Who was this enemy?—this was the question he repeatedly asked himself. At times his suspicions reverted to Harry Burg, but as often as the idea presented itself it was rejected.

More than once he reflected on the mysterious Spaniard who had defeated his plans in Paris, and forced from him the letters of Madame de Courcelle; but what, he asked himself, could be his motive for pursuing him to destruction?

There was one man who, had he been living, he would instantly have fixed upon as the author of his ruin—a man whose happiness he had destroyed, whose reputation he had assisted to blight.

"Impossible!" he muttered, as the name of his former victim rose to his lips, "the grave does not give up its dead."

In this state of mental anxiety and torture he awaited the arrival of his lawyer; but it was not till the following morning that Mr. Tye made his appearance at the prison. He had employed the intervening time in procuring copies of the various depositions, and his mind was fully made up as to the ultimate result; still, as his client was rich, he thought it as well to conceal his impressions.

"Singular!" he said, "very singular, that Sir John Sellem and yourself should both have been struck by an invisible hand. Can't make it out."

"The banker could expect no less than an exposure," replied the captain; "the game he played was a hazardous one; my case is very different."

"Perhaps not."

"What mean you?"

"Simply," replied his adviser, "that the bonds deposited by Silver were a bait to catch him. Why, the fellow, to my certain knowledge, has just been worth £10,000 and pounds for the last ten years. You must be careful, my dear sir. In a case like yours there is no error more fatal than a want of,

confidence in your lawyer. It is like a patient concealing the symptoms of his malady from his physician. Have you and Sir John Sellem been concerned in any transaction lately, or at a remote period, which might raise against you a persevering secret enemy?"

"It is possible," answered the captain, thoughtfully.

"I knew so."

"But he is dead."

Mr. Tye shook his head.

"Tell you he is dead?" repeated the prisoner, with increased energy.

"Did you see him die?" coolly demanded the lawyer: "watch his last breath? hear his last groan? If not, mistrust all other evidence."

Helmsman began to reflect seriously.

"What kind of man was he?" demanded his visitor.

"A lamb in gentleness with those he loved," answered the assassin, whose convictions began to be shaken: "a lion in courage with those who opposed him. He possessed no common mind. It was through his heart, his affections, only that we reached him."

"You and Sir John Sellem?"

"Yes."

"Then rely upon it, my dear sir," exclaimed the lawyer, "that it is to him you both owe your present disgrace. I do not often hazard an opinion, as you are aware; but when I do, it may generally be relied upon. It is not in the court of justice that your last battle with the terrible enemy must be fought, or with legal arms, but with other weapons and in another place. Consider well: have you no means of softening his resentment? I do not speak of entreaties or prayers."

"None," replied Helmsman. "Yet stay," he added, struck by a sudden recollection; "if it be really he, I can in part atone."

"The first thing is to inform me who he is," suggested Mr. Tye.

The guilty man slowly pronounced the name of Marmaduke Burg.

The man of law wrote it down in his pocket-book without the least appearance of surprise or emotion.

"If living," he said, "I will discover him. And the atonement you have to offer—"

"Must be told to him alone," replied his client; "for should he refuse to save me, the secret shall die with me."

"At this declaration the simple-minded, disinterested Mr. Tye did not look quite so satisfied as he had previously done. He promised, however, on taking his leave, to return the following day and report what progress he had made.

CHAPTER LXII.

The Earl of Melbourg became exceedingly anxious that Brandon Burg should declare his intentions as regarded the election. The Order of the Garter was now his own if he could only secure the return of his son for Cumberland. He expressed his anxiety to his wife, and promised to grant anything she might ask if she could gain the required promise of Brandon Burg.

The Countess of Melbourg secured by this promise the forgiveness of the earl for her early deception, sought out her detested son-in-law, and by threats and intimidation, at last wrung the unwilling promise from him.

On the examination of Helmsman, the chain of evidence was found complete, and he was fully committed for trial. On returning to his cell he had an interview with his lawyer, old Tye, who, conversed, for a large sum, to put Gipsy Jack out of the way—*he being the only positive evidence of the actual murder.*

If the return of Gipsy Jack emboldened Captain Helmsman, the return of the cashier completely frustrated the comfortable designs of his affectionate mother, Rebecca Bright. She had administered to his estate, and was luxuriating in a very comfortable little house when the appearance of her son disturbed all her calculations. He demanded all his money and his property, and put his friend Gipsy Jack into the house to watch over all it contained.

Mr. Tye revolved over in his mind all the villains he could use in the service of Helmsman, and at last gave the preference to Snake, the steward of Burg Hall. Among the papers given into Tye's hands by Helmsman, were some which clearly implicated Snake as the murderer of Franklin, in Cumberland. Under the threat of exposure, Snake consented to kill Gipsy Jack, if the papers, the only evidence against him, were returned to him. Seeing a pair of pistols upon the table of Tye, Snake examines them, and puts one of them into his pocket. Gipsy Jack was in the habit of returning through the park late at night, when the cashier returned to relieve him of his guard at his house. On the night in question, however, the cashier had a presentiment that his mother had some design upon his life, and requested Jack to remain in the house, and he would himself find a lodging in the city. Accordingly he put on the gipsy's rough coat, and, proceeding across the park, received the deadly fire of Snake, the steward, who mistook him for Jack. He lived long enough to will a mere stipend to his unnatural mother, and the balance of his property to Gipsy Jack and Will of the Belt. Snake received from Lawyer Tye the precious papers, proofs of his guilt, and, after carefully examining them, returned to Burg Hall to be present at the election.

Immediately after the death of her husband, Madame de Courcelle had retired to a religious house well known in Paris as the Convent of the Sacred Heart. It was from this retreat that she had written the letter which so distressed Lili, announcing her intention of retiring from the world, and devoting the rest of her days to prayer and meditation.

Although deeply hurt, the lover of her youth felt but little surprise at this resolution. Those who have battled with the long, weary storms of life, and, despite their struggles, seen every hope a wreck, can easily comprehend that yearning for repose which the tired spirit feels—that intense desire for solitude, which, like the rich harmonies of nature, or the voiceless melodies of night, speak to the soul, not ear, and act like a soothing opiate on the worn heart and brain.

Experience proves to us that happiness without alloy falls to the lot of few; in fact, we question if, in the literal sense of the word, it has ever been the destiny of any; and wisely not; for were it so, the affections would enchain us so closely to this world, that we should find no time to think of another.

As it is, not a tie is broken, or a being we love torn from us, but earth loses some portion of its hold, and the memory of the dead renders the idea of the grave less terrible.

The youth of Madame de Courcelle has resembled one of those gray, leaden, gloomy days of winter, whose dawn one ray of sunshine alone has tried to cheer. We need scarcely say that solitary ray was the love of Lili. Her birth had proved a source not only of sorrow but of bitter disappointment to Colonel Hardy, the only parent she had ever known, for her mother lived only to embrace her child, then died, leaving her infant to the care of his father, a cold, stern man, who had ardently desired a son.

Our readers are already acquainted with the fact of Adelaide's secret marriage with the Count, but not the circumstances which preceded it.

The motherless girl had reached the age of seventeen when first she became acquainted with her lover. Nature seemed to have formed them for each other. They had the same sympathies, the same simple tastes; and it was not long before each became sensible of the merits of the other.

At first the Colonel smiled upon the suit of Lili—or rather Marmaduke Burg, for that was the real name of the supposed Spaniard—and, for a time, all promised fairly for the realization of his dearest wishes, which would doubtless have been accomplished, had not a false friend and an elder brother stepped between him and happiness.

The fact was, Captain Helmsman—then a heartless, scheming man of the world, without fortune or interest, whose regiment, at the time we write of, was quartered at Exeter—at the request of Richard Burg (to whom he was under certain pecuniary obligations), had made the acquaintance of the unsuspecting Marmaduke, and wormed himself into his confidence only to betray him.

When informed of the intended marriage, the heart of the elder brother overpowered with bitterness and hate. He had never forgiven the spirited conduct of the youth, who, instead of crouching to his brutal temper, had humbled him in the presence of his servants—him, the elder born! the heir of the estate! the head of the family!—on the contrary, he had vowed revenge, and the opportunity was too tempting not to seize it.

He wrote to the Colonel speaking of Marmaduke in the most disparaging terms, as a libertine and a spendthrift; and advised him, as he valued his daughter's future peace and happiness, to break off the connection ere it was too late.

The consequence was that her lover was forbidden the house; and Adelaide told she must think of him no more.

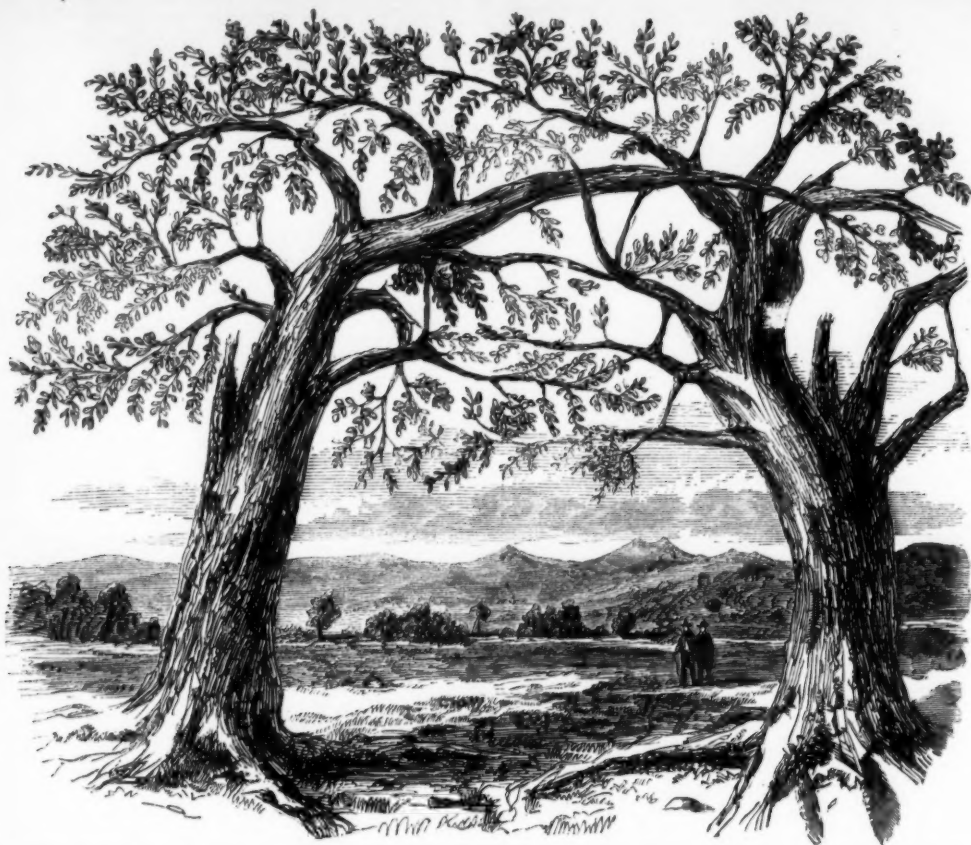
His daughter's first thought was to obey; but love proved stronger than obedience. The passionate pleadings of Marmaduke, his agony and despair, induced her to consent to a secret marriage. Helmsman provided the priest, and, Judas-like, a false one.

A year elapsed, and the young wife promised to become a mother. Her husband announced the intelligence to his false friend, and at the same time declared his intention of repairing to Burg Hall, in order to have an explanation with his brother, who was at the same time the guardian of his slender fortune.

"Concealment is no longer possible," he said. "I must proclaim our union to the world. I care not how I humble myself. I will even descend to entreaties," he added, "for the sake of Adelaide."

It was a step the deceivers had not calculated upon; for Helmsman had acted throughout by the directions of Richard Burg. He threatened to unveil their mutual villainy, and, what was worse, expose them to the resentment, not only of Colonel Hardy, but of Marmaduke.

"When do you start for Cumberland?" he asked, concealing his confusion under an affectionate air of interest.



THE WONDERFUL PARASITE MATA-PALO, OR HULL-TREE. FOR DESCRIPTION SEE "TRIP TO THE GOLD MINES OF NICARAGUA," PAGE 121.

A CURIOUS FISH, FROM THE GULF WEED, WEST INDIES.

We remember while fishing once, and when we were a boy withal, that we caught, to our utter horror, a sea-spider. We looked at the monster, examined its claws, hairy covering and generally disgusting appearance, and after much speculation we concluded to lose our hook and line, rather than to interfere with his "serene ugliness." The engraving we give represents (one-fourth the size) a strange fish, recently thrown by one of its paddle wheels upon the deck of an English steam vessel, sailing off the island of St. Thomas, West Indies. It is a rare fish, and the way it was caught was "rarer," for it is not often that paddle wheels become disciples of old Isaac Walton. The "critter" is of the perch kind in shape, but it has an offensive, bloated, slimy skin, like a frog, and is rather made out of the usual order, by having lungs, suggesting that it does not live exclusively under water. Its fins resemble hands; the tail is unfishlike, coming to a point. This creature has no means of defence, but it is marked so like the weed in which it lives that it would be most difficult to find even by a close observer. It feeds on shrimps and small crabs, which frequent the Gulf of Florida: it has no teeth, but its gums are hard; six or seven small crabs were found whole in its stomach.

This specimen of the Gulf waters is exceedingly interesting, as it gives a new evidence of the care of nature in preserving its works. The fish is intended to live in the seaweed, and it is so constructed that it is difficult to discover its whereabouts, as it exactly resembles the vegetable matter with which it is surrounded. It is a common law of nature thus to protect its creatures; we have animals and birds that so resemble the limbs of trees or grasses which they inhabit, that they cannot be discovered by even a practised eye, and it would seem that the sea contains fish protected from dangers by the same beautiful and simple contrivance.

VISIT TO THE NEW POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

RESIGNATION OF SIMEON DRAPER, ESQ.

THE revolution which has been effected in our city government, through the Metropolitan Police bill, is radical in its character, the extent of which has been lost sight of in the excitement attending the struggle between the "Municipals" and "Metropolitans" for the spoils of office. By this new order of things, the city of New York has been declared incompetent to govern itself, and the inhabitants of the surrounding country are brought in to nullify the vote of the city proper, and thus actually make our great metropolis subservient to the rural population. In conversing with many of our leading citizens of every political creed, we have found a more general feeling in favor of this "outside interference" than we had expected; and it is broadly stated that "rowdiness" has become so overbearing in this city, that bad men have the ascendancy, and therefore the only correction is to bring a new element into the voting power—a class of people "of higher intelligence and of more virtuous associations."

Now, we hold that the people of New York are capable of governing themselves, and that the entire population, as a whole, is superior in intelligence, so far as their interests are concerned, to the same number of persons in the rural districts; or, in other words, the people of New York city understand their wants better than can "outsiders;" and we also know that however oppressive may be the evils under which we labor, that the ballot-box, if brought to bear, affords a speedy protection, and that any desirable reform can be brought about the moment such reform is deemed essential to our existence.

That New York is misgoverned by her officials there cannot be a doubt. Abuse has culminated upon abuse, until our streets are filthy beyond precedent; life and limb are not safe in the highways; taxes are higher than in the most despotic countries, and the money thus gathered is squandered upon favorites with a shamelessness that finds no parallel in the most corrupt days of regal prostitution; still, for all this, we think that any laws which tend to disfranchise our population, or mix up its political interests with surrounding communities, dangerous in the extreme, and, if not repealed, must lead eventually to the most alarming state of anarchy and confusion.

The persons selected to carry into effect the practical workings of this "city reform" are termed "Metropolitan Police Commissioners," at the head of which are Simeon Draper and James W. Nye, Esquires, gentlemen who are at present attracting a large amount of public notice, and whose official acts have a great deal to do with the peace of the city.

Determined to learn something of the whereabouts of the new Commissioners, we visited their headquarters in White street—

not a desirable place, so far as location is concerned, for the neighborhood is made up of a compound of villainous smells, and is woefully near the great battle-ground of the Sixth Ward, and its celebrated vicinity, the "Five Points." The doorway to the Commissioner's headquarters, which is an old-fashioned three-story house, we found thronged with a crowd, the material of which, on a superficial examination, seemed to be very good for getting up an extemporaneous row.

Reaching the front room on the first floor, the first object in the way of inanimate things which met our eyes was a prominent notice that "applicants must not come into this room, as the Deputy Superintendent has nothing to do with the appointments." This notice struck us with some surprise, for it was equivalent to a subordinate's saying, "All the dirty business of this establishment is done by the principals." Passing on we got into the back parlor and inquired for Gen. Nye. To this question, called forth by the pursuit of a gentleman under difficulties, a dirty-looking fellow that seemed to be a second-hand chrysalis of a future policeman replied,

"Mr. Nye is not here, not in the building at all." Understanding the reply in the fashionable sense of "not at home," we urged that we wished to see the gentleman named on important business.

Supposing it was from the excessive dignity of our manner, which was now observed by the official, we promptly received the information that the gentleman we desired was up-stairs; we started to the upper regions, worming our way through incipient officials and soft-shelled men of place.

Finally reaching the ante-chamber to the audience-room, we were startled by having a new-fledged policeman flourish a new-made club over our rather old head, at the same time demanding, with an authoritative voice, who we wished to see?

Maintaining a singular degree of self-possession, we replied, "The Commissioners."

"What ward do you live in?" continued the proprietor of the hard wood "rolling pin."

Instinctively polite, we said, "the 20th."

"We don't attend to that ar ward to-day," said the man of office, accompanying his statement with one of those brushing aside expressions about his right arm which implies, that the object at which it is waved is temporarily "wiped out" of this mundane existence.

Startled and confounded as the truth flashed upon us that we were mistaken "for an applicant," we drew ourselves up to the extreme height of our editorial dignity, and with a fierce frenzy in our eye, announced to the official, that we wished to see the Commissioners "on outside business." The effect of this simple observation upon our friend was terrific; he was taken all aback; that there was a man living who had any other object in life than to get on the Metropolitan police force,

staggered his brain more than would a brickbat on its bony covering, thrown from the burrowing place of "a Dead Rabbit." Meantime the crowd gaped at us with intense curiosity. How far our embarrassment would have reached, had we not be-thought to mention our connection with the press, we cannot say; but fortunately we proved that the pen is mightier than the truncheon, for the door of the room containing the Commissioners was opened to us. With some difficulty we elbowed our way through the "expectants," and got into the Shekinah where the awful dispensers of loaves and fishes sat enshrined. No Eastern despots were more graciously served than were these representatives of power. Men who trembled in their presence, a few weeks before were high in office, rejoicing in stars and clothed in authority—were the terror of apple-women, Chinese beggars and honest citizens; but were now literally bedraggled with the mud of humility, their official plumage all spoilt from the wet of being turned out of office. It was a singular change, and would have set us meditating upon the mutability of all human affairs, if the atmosphere had not been heavy with that effluvia peculiar to "mangy dogs," and therefore not favorable to sentimental reflection.

At the head of the apartment, surrounded by two or three semi-officials, sat a remarkably handsome-looking, gentlemanly man, whom we recognized as Simeon Draper, Esq., who at the time was suffering from the infliction of appeals for appointments from two kinds of persons—those applying for themselves, and those working for their friends, and both parties, in their eagerness to be heard, talking together.

The honored Commissioner listened to what was going on mechanically, and turned his eyes imploringly at us, being mistaken for the next "customer;" but Mr. Draper was much relieved when we informed him we were only desirous of "taking his life." This had the advantage of novelty, and he bore the infliction with commendable patience.

"We want some material—some facts," we suggested, "to work into a biographical notice."

"My dear sir, there are no facts—no material," suggested Mr. Draper.

"You were born at a certain date, in some village or city," we humbly essayed as leading ideas.

"Most certainly," said Mr. D., with some animation; "you don't think 'I grow'd up,' like Topsy, do you?"

Here our interesting confab was brought to a close by the following conversation with another party:

"You were on the old police, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the Ninth Ward?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my good fellow, you can go, and when wanted, we will send for you."

"Yes, sir."

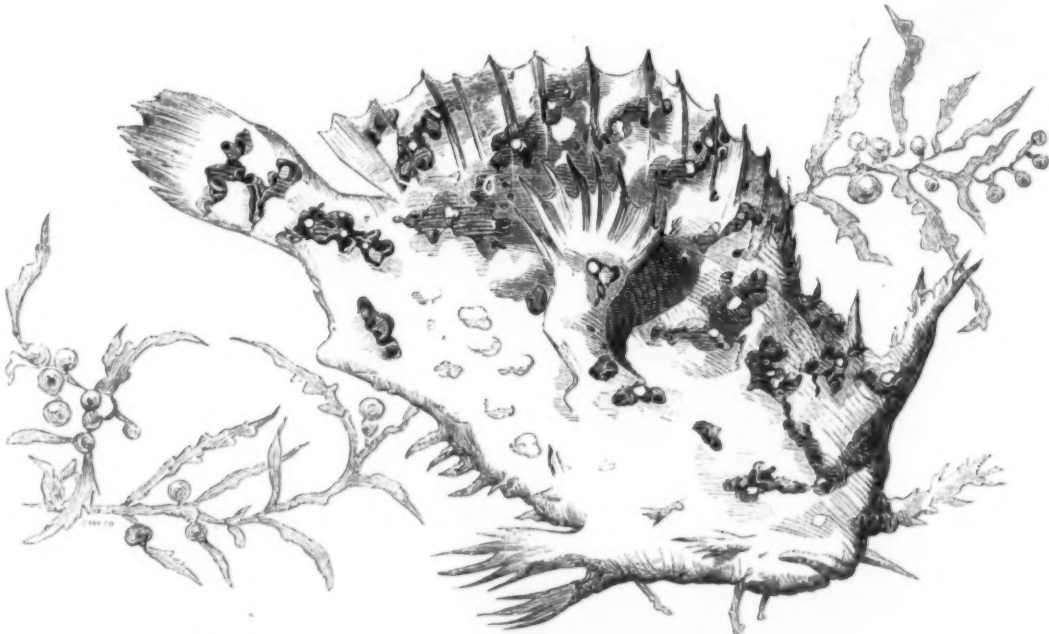
As soon as the gentleman condemned to private life in the Ninth Ward departed, we continued our inquiries.

"You are a public man now, Mr. Draper, and it is due to the people that the press should give some history of yourself; no reading is more attractive in these days (and we ought to have added, more instructive) than biography."

But Mr. Draper didn't think so, for he persisted in the declaration that he had nothing to give us, and showed a decided distaste at the publicity his position as Commissioner had given him.

Mr. Draper was born January 19th, 1806, in the town of Bushfield, Massachusetts. At eleven years of age he left his home, dependent upon his own exertions for his fortunes. He located in Ontario county, in New York State, where he remained but a short time and then came to New York city, and commenced what was destined to be a most successful mercantile career. Mr. Draper has never sought political honors, and has refused many within his grasp; the first office he ever held was an appointment from the Legislature of one of the Governors of the Almshouse, which he accepted because the field was philanthropic. He was elected a second time to this office by the people. A successful merchant, popular in his manners, President of the New England Society, surrounded by a large circle of friends, it seems that any public position, so far as Mr. Draper is concerned, can only increase his cares, without in any way gratifying his ambition. He must find his present position of Metropolitan Police Commissioner one of great annoyance, and we have no doubt would willingly resign it, if he should consult his own feelings.

We found Gen. Nye, like his colleague, suffering under the infliction of importunate applicants, and we noticed, much to our surprise, an expression on his face of absolute care. We stated our business to him very much as we did to Mr. Draper; and we give it as a remarkable coincidence that his replies were very much the same. He admitted that he was born, but remarked that he had no recollection of the fact, and then expressed his exceeding regret at the idea of having his name brought before the public; and as we know Gen. Nye to be a modest, timid man, we sympathized with his delicate feelings and left his presence mentally sorrowing over the fact, that we should leave him at the mercy of those "heartless political office-seekers," and in the miserable quarters in White street, offering up a prayer at the same time that the city authorities will promptly hand over the station-houses to the "New Commissioners," for any longer delay of this simple act of necessity is, in our opinion, an obstruction of good government.



A CURIOUS FISH, TAKEN IN THE GULF WEED OFF ST. THOMAS'S, WEST INDIES.

Gen. James Nye was born June 10th, 1816, in De Ruyter, Madison county, State of New York. His youthful days were spent on a farm, where he undoubtedly laid the foundation of that fine health which he seems to be blessed with. Choosing the law for a profession, he was admitted to the bar in 1839, and commenced business at Hamilton, Madison county. He rose rapidly in his profession, became Surrogate and subsequently Judge and Surrogate of Onondaga county. In 1854 Mr. Nye removed to New York city, where he commenced business under the most favorable circumstances. Throughout his life until the last Presidential election he has been an active Democrat, but upon the nomination of Col. Fremont and the organization of the Republican party, he at once enlisted, and may with truth be called one of its most useful practical leaders. His talents of "stumping" are of a rare order, possessing much of the spirit of the "western speaker." In alluding to politics, the General still persists in the assertion that he is a Democrat, and that the party has abandoned him, not he the party.

Since we prepared the above for the press, the new Police Commissioners have taken possession of the station-houses, the city has become more quiet, and we indulged the hope that a permanent peace was about to be established, though we had no clear idea, under the present circumstances, how it was to be brought about, when we learned that Simeon Draper, the head of the Commissioners, had resigned, and this caused new complications in the working of the New Police law. We were not surprised that Mr. Draper should retire from a position the duties of which he could not have had either taste or inclination to attend to, however great his abilities may be in more genial fields of labor. We understand that Mr. Draper complains that appointments were rushed through without due consideration. The committee on applications would report favorably upon a batch of men, and without allowing Mr. Draper time to inquire into the character or fitness of the men for this post, they were appointed hastily, in opposition to his wishes. Not wishing to be held responsible for men whom he had no voice in placing in the Police Department, he decided to sever his connection with the Commission.

The law for filling the vacancy fortunately devolves on the remaining members of the Police Commission, and not on Gov. King. If the gentlemen responsible will fill this vacancy with a capable man, something may yet be done to restore the city to its wonted quiet, and give the people confidence in the new law; if otherwise, agitation will continue, and no one can calculate the evil results.

OTELIA CLAYTON;

OR,
THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

BY MISS A. E. DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF THE "COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD," "HUGENOT EXILES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"AND I will show my appreciation of your love for my darling by giving your own daughter the warmest place in my heart, next to that of right to wife and child. When shall I claim you as mine. We have waited long enough without adding any unnecessary delay to my weary probation. Let it be this week—to-morrow, if you can get ready. I am impatient to claim the sole right to you, and not be left alone, as I so often am, when you and Grace come to give the Cane Brake the portion of your time which Wentworth claims as his right."

She laughed, as she replied,
"I shall not demand time to make up an elaborate trousseau, but I must have, at least, a week to get ready. Besides, brother Ned would think such haste to get away from him rather indecorous."

"Well, well—a week then; I will set the servants to work, and have a grand feast prepared, to which all our friends shall be invited. We will be married here at five o'clock in the evening, and go to my house to supper. The young people can dance, and we'll have a merry time generally."

The bride-elect approved, and on consulting Colonel Wentworth and his wife, this arrangement was finally agreed to; though at first they rather demurred, as they wished the entertainment to be given at their own house.

Grace was charmed when she heard of the intended union between the two so dearly loved by herself, and Dora rejoiced that the early trials of her mother's life promised to be so happily repaid. It is rare that a marriage gives such universal satisfaction as this one did; for all who knew the parties were ready to congratulate them on the serene future which was opening to them, after the first rush and fever of existence was classed among the things that were. Under the sweet influences of happiness, Clara seemed to grow brighter and lovelier every day; and again the rose bloomed upon her fair cheek, and the light of joy beamed from the eyes so long dimmed with sad and outraged feeling.

Richard Wentworth's name was never breathed in either family—its sound would have brought back too much of wrong and misery, to permit it to be uttered—and the memory of the man of violent and uncontrolled temper was suffered to pass into oblivion as soon as possible, that the evil phantoms evoked by it might be exorcised from the pathway his presence no longer darkened.

The day of the marriage came, and troops of guests gathered at the hour named. It was clear autumn weather, and never did a brighter sun shed its beams upon a happy bride than that which filled the atmosphere with its golden haze. Not a cloud could be seen upon the deep blue vault above, and many were the wishes that it might be an omen of the future to those about to be united.

A Methodist clergyman, who was stationed in the vicinity, performed the marriage ceremony, and, after drinking to the happiness of the bride and groom in sparkling champagne, the cortège set out for the Dell, forming quite an imposing array of carriages, cabriolets, and equestrians. It was several miles below Colonel Wentworth's residence, and the road to it was cut out of a solid wall of cane, which arose to the height of twelve or fifteen feet on either side, its long feathery stalks sometimes drooping forward, and sweeping into the carriages as they passed.

On their way they came to an opening covered with timber, on which were the remains of several Indian mounds; these were interesting from the fact that it was supposed they might be those referred to by De Soto as sustaining the wigwams of the tribes he describes as elevating their dwellings by these means above the annual overflow of the Mississippi. From surveys made by himself, and a careful examination of the localities, Col. Wentworth was firmly of the opinion that this was the point from which the adventurous commander crossed the river, to meet his sad fate upon the opposite shore.

Dora and Grace had filled the important duty of bridesmaids, with Clayton and Palmer as their cavaliers; and the four rode in Col. Wentworth's carriage, while that gentleman and his wife accompanied the bridal pair in the vehicle of Mr. Linden. As they approached the Dell, the road emerged from the cane, and a stretch of park-like country, shaded by magnificent trees, was before them. The undulating ground sloped gradually toward a long stretch of bright water, known as Lucid Lake, over which glided in stately majesty wild swans, while other aquatic birds skimmed lightly above

the clear surface, ready at the slightest sound to wing their rapid flight away.

A frame cottage, painted white, with green doors and blinds, stood about a quarter of a mile from the edge of the lake, and the lawn that sloped down toward it was shaded by the primeval forest growth, judiciously interspersed with ornamental trees and a few flowers. The house was but one story in height, but it was spacious and furnished with taste and elegance; and books, flowers and musical instruments were found among its adornings.

When the carriage containing the young bridesmaids stopped before the entrance, a group of negroes belonging to Mr. Linden's plantation were there, offering flowers to their new mistress, with their congratulations on her marriage. As Dora sprang to the ground, assisted by Clayton, a rough looking white man suddenly thrust himself forward and put a crumpled paper in her hand. She looked around in surprise and a little fear; he was already retreating, but she distinctly heard him say,

"Read it, it nearly concerns you."

At that moment it was impossible, as she was hemmed in by the crowd the pause had collected, and she had only time to see that it was a piece of coarse paper squarely folded, on which her name was rudely inscribed. She held it toward Arthur, who said,

"What can this impertinence mean? The man did not look like a beggar, and I am sure such as he seems could have no excuse for intruding in any way on you. Better give the paper to me, Dora, and let me return it to him, if I can find him in this crowd."

"And not gratify my curiosity by taking a single peep into it? No, I thank you; I would rather unravel the mystery myself."

The party passed into the house and the young lady thrust the letter in her pocket, to await a favorable opportunity for examining it. The duties devolving upon her fortunately caused her to forget it, or the gay supper and the merry dancing which followed would have seemed to her but sad mockeries of joy. As it was, she thoroughly entered into the spirit of the scene, and enjoyed herself with a zest which afterwards seemed to her heightened by the very sorrow that hung over her, as if unwilling to fall and crush her first fond dream of happiness into ruins at her feet.

The evening was drawing to a close: many of the company had already departed, and Dora had just finished her last waltzing with Clayton; she stood beside an open window through which the light fell in a silvery shower upon her white dress and animated features.

her own grew paler still, as the color retreated from his features, leaving them rigid as stone. The letter contained but a few words, but if they had been blazoned there in living light, as was the mysterious warning on the walls of the Babylonian monarch, they could not more have appalled his gaze. They ran thus:

"Miss Wentworth is informed by one who takes an interest in her fate, that the young man who so artfully plays the lover to her, without exactly committing himself, is already the husband of another woman. Accuse Arthur Clayton of his treachery, and he will not dare to deny it. As to myself, I ask nothing better than to meet him face to face, and prove his recreant faith to one who loved him, and was basely deserted by him. I do not ask concealment of this; bring the charge home to him, and then judge of his guilt by his manner of receiving the accusation."

There was no signature, and Arthur had no means of knowing who had discovered, and thus proclaimed that which he believed known only to three persons in the world, each one of whom was equally interested in keeping it secret. He could not speak, but Dora needed no words to convince her that the letter revealed the truth; she sunk down upon a seat, and with the instinctive pride of her sex veiled her face, that he might not read the anguish that rent her very soul at this conviction of his unworthiness.

At the end of the last dance, Arthur had fortunately led Dora into a small conservatory adjoining the parlor, which was deserted by every one but themselves; and this painful scene was witnessed by others. In irrepressible agitation he sat down beside her, but for many moments he could not speak. She knew that he was there—she heard his struggling breath, and felt how mighty was the agitation he was endeavoring to master; but she dared not look at him. At length a faint hoarse whisper reached her ear—and she felt that anguish deep as her own was beating in the heart beside her.

"Dora—my Dora—my heart's treasure, let me defend myself—let me tell you—oh, my God! I dare not! I dare not!" and he laid his head upon the marble top of the table beside which they sat, and wept as no man weeps but once, over the wreck of the bright dream he had cherished until it had become almost as a portion of himself. Dora found voice to ask,

"It is true, then? You—you have not been free, yet you have—"

Her voice died away, and Arthur gained courage from her excessive agitation. He took up the sentence she dared not finish.

"I have sought to win your love in return for that I gave; and as Heaven is my witness, until this moment, I did not dream that I was wronging you. Now, I feel that I have done so, Dora, for I know that your heart is mine, and this cruel blow has given it to its core. How this discovery was made, why it is revealed to you, I am at a loss to imagine, but I will unravel it; I will severely punish the miscreant who has come between us, thus marring the sweetest dream of bliss that ever nestled in two young and trusting hearts."

"Arthur; Mr. Clayton, you forget that you are the criminal here. A friend only warns me of what should have prevented you from seeking me as you have done. It is true, that I have loved you, but a pure affection soon falls away from that which is unprincipled and worthless."

"Dora, utter not such harsh words, or you will madden me. My blood seethes now as if it would burst my veins; and my heart beats so wildly that I scarce have breath to speak. Dora, I swear by the passion that thrills every nerve in my frame, I will not lose you through this heartless wretch who has dealt this blow at me in the dark. Yes—I am married—if the form of vows set down in the prayer book, and hurried over by a priest, can constitute a true marriage. I deny its sacredness. I never intended that the tie should be known; I left my bride at the altar, and I have not seen her since. I met you—I would have avoided you, but fate threw us together—made me your deliverer from great peril, in return for the life you had saved: I was forced to remain near you, until I had no mastery over myself. You entered my heart; you reigned there with absolute sway; and I claimed you as a part of myself; you are mine, Dora—mine; do you comprehend? Mine by inalienable right, for an inner voice that I had no power to disobey, for ever impelled me to claim its twin half. I did so; let him blame me who will, I say I did right, and I will make good my title to win and wear you yet."

He spoke with such vehement passion that Dora lifted her head and gazed upon him in a species of fascination. She could not speak; but Clayton, transported beyond himself by the frenzy that burned in his outraged heart, snatched her to his breast, and held her there with a grasp of iron, as he pressed his lips fervently to hers. He wildly went on,

"With that kiss I wed you, life of my life, and the bond is more sacred in the eye of Heaven than the one formed by gratitude on one side and strong will on the other. I have no other love but you, Dora. I gave my hand to my kinswoman that I might, with it, endow her with the wealth I should otherwise have inherited. I have labored steadily here to make myself independent, that when time has released me I can lay my fortune at your feet. Oh, my angel, sin not against yourself, against me, so deeply, as to refuse belief to my story; as to deny me the hope of calling you mine at some future day."

With difficulty Dora released herself from his arms. She stood before him now quite calm, and slowly said,

"That you love me is a poor excuse for the wrong you have committed against me in seeking my affections, when you knew that the existence of your deserted wife must place an impassable barrier between us."

Her tone went to his very heart. He knelt at her feet, and took the cold hand she had no power to withdraw, as he passionately said,

"I feel that I have wronged you, for you suffer, and I would have shielded you from every sorrow. Pardon—pardon, Dora; but say not that this phantom of a marriage with another shall stand in the way of our happiness when time has freed me from its shackles. Promise me—promise me, that you will then be mine."

Her low, tremulous tones arose over the tempest of his emotion striking him motionless—dumb,

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. You have given your hand to another; what matters it that your heart is mine? I dare not accept it, for I have no right to its homage."

He gazed upon her so despairingly that she was forced to avert her eyes, from which tears were pouring like rain. He arose; he pressed her hands to his lips again and again, and held them as firmly as if he had a vague idea that this tenacious grasp still formed a bond of union between them.

At length he released them, and faintly said,

"I did not view it in that light, Dora, or I should have fled from your fascination. My cousin will undoubtedly marry another, and why shall I not do likewise, when that event occurs?"

"Because I find no authority in Scripture for the severing of that bond, which is only cancelled by death. Your creed and mine are at variance, but I must be guided in what I believe to be right by my own conscience alone. I could never consider myself truly your wife while another woman is in existence who has previously claimed that title. Good bye, Mr. Clayton—Arthur I will call you for the last time. I beg that you will spare me the suffering of again meeting you, for my heart must cast from it the hope I will not deny—that of being all in all to you in the future. I have loved you purely and truly, and I ask you to give me time to regain my calmness—my—"



SIMEON DRAPER, ESQ., EX-COMMISSIONER OF POLICE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.

Her partner looked down on her, and thought her transcendently lovely, for in the past year, with mind and heart brought into judicious and harmonious exercise, Dora had rapidly matured into a most engaging and attractive girl.

That Clayton loved her deeply, earnestly, truly, she knew quite as well as that his affection was ardently returned, though they had never spoken on the subject, and she looked upon her union with him as something that would certainly come to pass at some far future time, when they were both older and better fitted to assume the responsibilities of the station they must then fill. Their mutual affection beamed in every glance; vibrated in every infection of the voice; then why ask words to express what nature unconsciously did in so much better a manner?

On this trusting, childlike being a heavy blow was about to fall, though she smiled in the face of him from whom it was to come with bewitching sweetness, as she drew from her dress pocket the mysterious note. Clayton had himself reminded her of it, for he wished to know what it contained.

Dora broke the coarse wafer, approached the light, and glancing at the words within, became so white and trembled so violently, that she feared she would faint.

"What is it?" he anxiously inquired, but she made a gesture of repulsion which filled him with amazement. She almost gasped,

"Go away—leave me. Where is my uncle? I must see him at once—I must—oh, Heaven! can this—can this be true!" and she wrung her hands in anguish.

"Dora—dearest Dora, what moves you thus? Have I no right to know—I who—"

He paused, and she said in an excited manner,

"Stop there—stop there; don't dare to say what is on your lips, or I shall despise you as a hypocrite as well as an impostor." Clayton recoiled at these words and gazed on her with amazement, not unmixed with anger; he said,

"Miss Wentworth, your words demand an explanation. I have never consciously acted in any manner unbecoming a gentleman and a man of honor; and you, least of all persons, have the right to bring so bitter and insulting an accusation against me. Show me that letter—I demand a sight of its contents, as they seem to have power to convince you that I am not what I seem."

He held out his hand, and the agitated girl seemed to be uncertain whether she should comply with his demand or withhold it; he ended her indecision by firmly but gently removing the paper from her tremulous grasp, and reading the words which had so moved her. Dora watched his face with sickening anxiety as he read, and

Her voice sunk into a low murmur, and Clayton exclaimed, with renewed impetuosity,

"I will not—I cannot! You ask of me more than human nature can grant. No! I will keep alive this love, for it is my only hope. I will win you yet to think with me, Dora. It is impossible that a precipitate and generous impulse should wreck the happiness of my life. God is too just to permit such a thing to be."

"And she whom you deserted? What of her? have you no regard for her claims upon you?"

He looked conscience-stricken; but, after a pause for reflection, he decisively answered,

"My hand was accepted because it conferred wealth—but there was no love on my cousin's side. I cannot explain to you why I felt myself forced to give her my hand; for that is now known alone to myself, and the secret dies with me. But I swear to you that in my heart there was not the faintest suspicion that I was preparing unhappiness for you, or I never would have sought your love, dear and sacred as it is to me. Too dear, too precious to part from, Dora, and I will be selfish enough to maintain my right to it. Nay, I do not despair of enlisting your kind uncle on my side; and when he assures you that no wrong can flow from our future union, you will listen to his just sense of right, and feel that you may be guided by it."

"Do not deceive yourself, Arthur. Had hope at once, for I am sadly in earnest in what I have said."

Before he could detain her she glided from the room, and in, as she passed out, Colonel Wentworth entered.

"Come, Arthur, you return with us to Cane Brake, I believe. Mrs. Wentworth is already in the carriage waiting for us. It is two o'clock, and if we intend to get home before day closes it is time for us to start."

His eye fell on the ghastly features of his young friend, and he exclaimed,

"What on earth is the matter! Have you and my niece been having your first quarrel? Do not take it thus seriously, or you will give the gipsy too much power over you. You look as if you had lost your last friend."

"No! for one I claim in you, I trust, or I have for ever lost the hope which you must know is the dearest one of my life—that of claiming Dora as my future wife."

The listener seemed greatly surprised. He said,

"What? does my little wild rose undertake to play the coquette? I did not think she had the power or the will to conceal from you what at anybody, but a man desperately in love, might have found out for himself. Pooh! nonsense! come along, and to-morrow I will settle this affair myself."

"But that is not all: I hardly know what you yourself will say when you learn the position I really occupy toward your niece."

His agitation was so real, so overwhelming, that the listener was convinced there was something more than a mere lovers' quarrel. He laid his hand on his shoulder, and kindly said,

"I am your friend, Arthur. There is nothing nearer my heart than your union with my adopted child. I am certain that you love each other, and I trust that no obstacle has arisen to prevent the fulfilment of my wishes."

"One always has existed, my kind friend; but until this night I have taught myself to consider it of trifling importance. Dora has made me feel the fatal mistake I have made; she refuses to consider me even in the light of a lover while a shadowy bond binds me to another."

"Another!" and a fiery flush mounted to the brow of the listener. "I have never for a moment suspected that my niece has a rival. Explain, I pray you, Mr. Clayton, for this affair promises to assume quite a different aspect from what I expected."

The sudden change of his tone struck to the soul of Arthur, and he said,

"Sit down for a few moments, and I will place before you the painful position in which I am placed, and explain, as far as I may, what led me into it."

In rapid and vehement words he described his early life, and the influences brought to bear upon him in his enforced union with his cousin, but the true cause of this final act he dared not reveal. The listener followed him with painful interest, but this omission did not escape him. When Arthur had finished, and stood before him looking as if life or death hung upon the first words he might utter, he asked,

"Why was it necessary to commit this great wrong toward the girl you wedded, to make so simple a transfer as you might easily have accomplished without it?"

"That is what I may not reveal. I wished to give my uncle such security as I could of the honesty of my intentions. Only by giving my hand to his daughter could I do this; more I cannot say. And now, shall this mere form of words stand between me and my hopes of happiness with another? I have not asked Dora to marry me—I never intended to do so, until I was freed by the law from the bond which no feeling of affection sanctioned. In the name of our true and holy love for each other, I ask you to refrain from condemning me, and to aid me in convincing Dora that in the future neither God nor man will disapprove our union."

The kind heart of the listener was deeply moved. After a few moments' reflection he said,

"Yours is indeed a bitterly painful position, Arthur; and I will endeavor to take such a view of it as will enable me to be just to both yourself and Dora, but you must feel that her own sense of right must in this be her guide."

"But I may continue to see her; I may keep alive the love I know is mine, until the hour comes in which I can honorably woo her to my heart. You will not oppose this? You can see no wrong in wedding another, when my bride of a moment has also chosen a more suitable husband? That is all I now ask."

"My dear boy, we are both excited now—I must have time to reflect; the wishes of Dora must be consulted in this, for her happiness is at stake. Calm yourself, and return with me to the Cane Brake; to-morrow we will speak further on this painful subject."

Putting violent constraint upon himself, Clayton followed him to the carriage, and in a few moments was whirled away, in a state of bewildered anguish scarcely exceeded by that over which poor Dora wept throughout the remaining hours of the night.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OTELIA buried the past in oblivion; her dream of bliss, if destined to be brief, was bright as ever came from Heaven and nestled in a loving human heart. Her newly-wedded bridegroom seemed to live but in her presence, and the wild spirit of her who had once been so wayward, seemed subdued to woman's gentlest mood. Fate, which had given her so weird a destiny, for a brief space relented in its severity, and permitted one draught of life's best elixir, perfect love, and trusting happiness to be enjoyed in its fullest power. She adored Arnold, and rested in the serene conviction that her affection was ardently returned; and so it was for a season; for to one of Arnold's calculating nature, there was something intensely fascinating in the devotion of this impulsive being, whose pride only bowed before her love for himself. He had subdued the master passion, and he exulted in his power.

Spring came, and as it deepened into summer, the contemplated tour was commenced. Anita reluctantly saw her young lady go with him whose influence had now entirely superseded her own; though Otelia still treated her with the same affection which had always marked their relations toward each other.

From the first day of his marriage, Arnold took pains to show the quadron that he was absolute master at the park and would tolerate no invasion of his rights—though he at the same time gave Anita distinctly to understand that she could remain with her nursing and maintain her usual sway over the housekeeping without interference from him. With this she was forced to be contented, though she watched with eagerness for the faintest indication on his part of neglect toward his bride. She did not wish such to appear; but if they should—a d d the glowing eyes that looked out upon the shadowy air, peopled with phantoms that to others would have appeared terrible, might have taught him who had apparently won in the joint game they had played, that the last game was yet to come, and it might be one of fatal import to his ambitious aspirations, prosperous as they now seemed.

That golden summer, spent in travelling from one scene of interest to another, with the first halo of happy love beaming upon her path, was as a halcyon dream to the young bride; she often looked into the eyes that beamed so softly upon her, and murmured,

"I am too happy—it cannot last. Earth gives her children but one such radiant vision as this, and then the dull reality comes to quench its brightness. Ah, dearest, if our dream could only last!"

"It shall last," was the low response. "If my love makes you content, it is yours as long as life may continue;" and the speaker at the moment really believed what he uttered.

Mrs. Arnold had finally made Mr. Carleton understand that she had on mature reflection concluded not to enter the married state a second time; she consoled her adorer by recommending to him a maiden lady in the neighborhood, who would make a much better mother to his children than she would be, as it was an unfortunate fact that her tastes did not lean toward theology

nor infant responsibilities, of which he possessed such a superabundant supply.

The good man listened in amazement; but the scales fell from his eyes, and he had discernment enough, with all his simplicity, to see that he had been made use of by the wily widow, and all the beautiful sentiments which had so charmed him were the mere verbiage of a woman who had words at her command with which to deceive more truthful natures than her own. He had the firmness to rejoice at the escape he had made, and the wisdom to adopt her suggestion as to Miss Branden. He had long known her as an excellent and kind-hearted woman, who could efficiently aid him in his useful walk, and he proposed before the summer was over, and had been married several weeks when the travellers arrived at the Park. (To be continued.)

DROMEDARIES PRESENTED TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH BY THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

On the 8th of June the people of Marseilles were surprised at the sight of eight dromedaries, four drawing a piece of artillery and four the carriage. They came from the Viceroy of Egypt as presents to the Emperor of France, intended for service in Algeria. The animals are magnificently caparisoned, and rode by native Nubians, who were dressed in the most gorgeous manner. Their appearance was most picturesque and oriental.

Of this animal there are two varieties, called the Bactrian, or two-humped, and the Arabian, or single-humped camel; the latter is commonly called the dromedary. The first is employed principally in Central Asia, the latter in Arabia, North Africa, Syria, and Persia. The color of the dromedary is reddish gray; hair woolly and soft, and very unequal in different parts, being long on the mane, under the throat, about the hump, and on the tail, while it is short on the other parts. The hair is used for the manufacture of cloth. The two-humped camel is the larger and stronger, being capable of sustaining a thousand pounds weight, and is best adapted for rugged ground; the dromedary will live on a poorer and more scanty diet, endure more fatigue, and is, therefore, better adapted to long marches on the desert; besides, it is a lighter variety, and is possessed of greater fleetness. The double-humped variety is about seven feet at the shoulders, and is that which is most commonly seen in caravans in this country. The feet are soft and flat, there being a kind of cushion on the bottom, by which it sustains itself upon the sandy surface over which it is formed to move.

The two toes are united underneath by a kind of horny sole, almost to their points, and terminates in a kind of hoof. The nostril is peculiarly formed. It is capable of being closed at will, and is thus adapted to prevent the drifting sand from blowing into it during the violent gales which sometimes prevail in the desert.

The humps give to the camel an awkward and rather disgusting appearance, and, at first sight, seem to be inconvenient to those who wish to employ its services. These unsightly excrescences, composed principally of fat, are depositaries of superabundant nutriment, which, however, gradually disappear when the animal is deprived of a sufficient quantity of nutriment, as is observed at the end of a long journey over the deserts, when food is very scanty. The camel and dromedary have also another curious provision in its nature, adapting it to the arid deserts, viz., a peculiar sack or extra stomach which will contain a large quantity of water in purity, and which will be absorbed by the animal only so fast as the proper support of its constitution shall require; hence the animal can march over burning sands, and under a blazing sky, for several days without drinking. When the Arabs, on long marches, are famishing for the want of water, they slaughter a camel, and drink from the reservoir the water that yet remains unexpended in the support of the animal. The callosities, or pads, which may be seen on the knee, the stifle, and brisket, enable the animal to rest on the scorching sand without injury by, or even sensibility to the heat. Camels are very patient animals, scarcely ever uttering a sound, but are extremely belligerent among themselves, it requiring all the watching and care that can be bestowed on them to prevent them biting each other.

The common load of the dromedary for long marches across the desert, is six or seven hundred pounds, with which it will travel thirty miles a day. At the command of his driver, he kneels to receive his load, but if this be too heavy he refuses to rise until a part of it is removed. When the animal approaches a stopping place, it smells the water for miles, and he urges himself forward with all his strength, to be rewarded for twelve hours' weary journeying by a full supply of water, and a few handfuls of barley or dried oats. Notwithstanding these hardships, the animal rarely suffers in health, and frequently attains to the age of one hundred years.

The general impression prevails that the dromedary and camel are only suited to the desert, but this is entirely a mistake. In the mountains of Algiers the caravans wind over roads, broken and precipitous, such as mules could not undertake in the Andes; they are sure-footed and rapid; and, as an adjunct to the military service, are most useful and imposing. The Persian corps of dromedary artillery is one of the most effective in its service, and we are told that the appearance of the men, weapons, and animals, when drawn up in warlike array, is even more imposing than the cavalry.

The dromedaries presented by the Viceroy of Egypt to Napoleon are perfectly drilled in the business, and as quiet in their movements as horses, and, we have no doubt, would be equally effective in the field of battle.

An unusual interest has been created in this country about this animal, from the fact that the United States Government has imported a large number into Texas, for the purpose of testing their value on our continent. A gentleman, who was on board of the United States storeship Supply, thus describes the manner they were brought from Egypt to this country:

"The dromedaries were lodged below, and had three Arabs and two Turks to attend to their wants. The poor animals had been confined in a very narrow place for over three months. They numbered thirty-five, one of which was born on the voyage, in the vicinity of the trade winds, in consequence of which the jolly tars called it 'Trade Wind.'"

"The next day the camels were taken on board the steamer Fashion; but not without difficulty, for their natural timidity rendered them difficult to manage, and we set off for Matagorda Bay."

"There were two or three that boasted two humps, but the majority had only one. It is supposed they will prove of infinite service on the great prairies of Texas, and each camel will certainly be more valuable there than five horses; the country in some respects resembling the desert plains of the East, if we substitute grass in the place of sand."

"By thus importing a large number, the United States will soon have a considerable breed of camels on the Western continent. We arrived at the Bay of Matagorda on Monday evening, May 12th. The next morning the animals were taken ashore, and at last regained their liberty. The inhabitants crowded around them, with pardonable curiosity, to behold the huge, uncouth animals, and many were the sensible comparisons given vent to on the occasion. The Arabs and Turks, who had dressed themselves in rich Oriental costume, were kept busy explaining to the inquisitive crowd. Now and then a camel, in the excess of its joy, would run with a terrible leaping and kicking among the people, who would consequently give it full room to gambol in. That evening they all started for their destination, in the regular Eastern order of a caravan."

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

A FEW days ago, in Liberty township, Ohio, a young woman was so much affected while reading a piece of poetry entitled "Do they miss me at home," that she fainted. Her mother, supposing that she was dying, became terribly excited, causing the rupture of a blood vessel, and she died in less than an hour. The daughter was insensible for about fifteen minutes, and then recovered.

The Secretary of War and the Chief of the Bureaus attended, the other day, a very interesting and successful experiment, made at the War Department, by Mons. J. B. Richer, formerly of the French army. Mons. Richer is the inventor of a process to restore putrid meats or fish to a perfectly sound and healthy state. The experiment yesterday was tried on a putrid beef steak and a shad, which were at first so offensive that one could hardly stay in the room. By a hocuspocus preparation, and sousing the beef and fish in a bucket of water, they came out perfectly fresh. Mons. Richer, who made this discovery in New York, proposes to sell his invention to our government, and to France and England. For our ships of war, and our army, it might be of great service when provisions become spoiled, and none others were to be had. At Sebastopol, it is said 17,000 men died of cholera from eating spoiled meat.

Healy, the artist, is said to have made \$12,000 in six months by portrait-painting in Chicago.

It is stated that the great railroad celebration at St. Louis cost \$14,142 92, of which sum the city pays \$10,556 77. Among the items was the bacchanal one of \$1,179 60 for wines.

In Randolph, Mass., recently, the family of Mr. John Jones was poisoned by using portions of a package of brown sugar found in the yard. Members of the family becoming alarmingly ill, the sugar was analyzed and found to contain a considerable portion of arsenic. A young woman named Lucinda Hunt, recently employed as a domestic in the house, has been arrested on suspicion, and committed to jail. Her own sister testifies that she heard her say that if the arsenic did not "do any good in sugar, she would put it in the well."

About two weeks ago a negro belonging to Logan Harper, in Carthage, Miss., arose in the night and killed his wife, by chopping off her head, after which he hung himself to a tree near the house. The reason of this horrible deed was that his wife, a beautiful quadroon, was obliged to submit to the sensual caprices of her master.

The Carroll county (Ohio) Press gives the particulars of a trial for seduction, in which a young girl of seventeen is the plaintiff, and a Rev. Mr. Barclay, of the Seceder Church, defendant. The jury gave all the damages required, \$5,000, and would have given much more if asked.

During the six months ending July 1st, forty persons were killed and ninety-nine wounded by railroad accidents in the United States. Also during the same time sixty-one have been killed and twenty wounded by steamboat accidents.

We learn from the New Haven Palladium, that on the morning of July 4th, a young man, twenty years of age, named Lagee Taber, met with a serious accident at Plainville, (Southington). A large drop weight had been drilled out by the workmen of the machine shop of Plant's Manufacturing Company, for the purpose of using the weight as a substitute for a small cannon. The weight was loaded, a match paper inserted in the vent, and every precaution of that nature was taken to avoid an accident. Young Taber stepped forward to light the match paper, and unfortunately some loose grains of powder were lying on the weight. This caused an instant discharge from the bore, which was filled with powder, paper and sand. No damage would have occurred if Taber had not placed his foot directly in front of the bore, so that it received the whole force of the discharge. His foot, all except the heel, was blown entirely away. Doctors Hart and Fletcher were immediately summoned, and they dressed the wound, without amputation, in the hope, probably a vain one, that the heel might be saved.

There is now living at Acton, Maine, near the New Hampshire line, a soldier of the Revolution, who fought at the battle of Bunker Hill. He was 101 years old on the 10th instant, and is as active as men who are forty years younger. His name is Ralph Farnham.

The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible, in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over a thousand years ago!

The grasshoppers, that have threatened to destroy the crops in certain parts of Minnesota, have been killed by the recent cold and wet weather.

The Stamford Advocate says that a little boy in that village, named John Swertcoe, continued the celebration of the 4th on Monday morning by using as a cannon a hollow casting about six inches in length and nearly an inch bore. His ramrod was a piece of iron sixteen inches long and five-eighths in diameter, weighing nearly one pound and a half. Forgetting to remove the ramrod, he fired his piece, which being pointed down Gay street, sent the iron rod hurtling through the air like lightning. Mr. William Waterbury had just entered Gay street, and the iron messenger whistled past him within a few feet of his head. In front of the Phoenix Company's carriage shop, about two hundred feet from where the cannon was planted, Mr. John B. Reed and a boy were standing within a few feet of each other; the bolt passed between them, and penetrated a carriage standing near, shivering an ashbar to splinters. The bolt must have been projected with tremendous force, and might easily have killed either of the persons who thus narrowly escaped.

H. Hotchkiss, of Lyons, N. Y., is said to be the greatest producer of peppermint in the world. He has between 200 and 300 acres under cultivation, and employs more than 100 laborers upon his plantation. Mr. Hotchkiss sells the peppermint in London and other places, and his annual trade amounts to from \$75,000 to \$125,000.

The Postmaster General has recently decided that bona fide subscribers to weekly newspapers can receive the same free of postage if they reside in the county in which the paper is printed and published, even if the office to which the paper was sent is without the county, provided it is the office at which they receive their matter. This will be an item of interest to newspaper subscribers living near the county lines.

During the month of June there were twenty fires in the United States, (exclusive of oil losses less than \$10,000), entailing an aggregate loss of \$953,000.

The Horicon (Wis.) Argus, of the 8th inst., says: "We saw on Saturday last the identical watch that Major André offered Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, at the time of his arrest and interview with Arnold. It is of pure gold, much larger round than other watches of the present day, but very thin, duplex movement, and figured thus: 12369 on the face, with points between. On the cap is engraved 'John André, 1773.' Notwithstanding its old age, but few watches keep better time. It is owned by a gentleman living here named Chase."

The weevil is committing ravages on the wheat in western New York.

The Galena (Ill.) Courier learns that a clergyman who lives a few miles from that place, had some slight dispute with his wife last week, and proceeded to beat her with a stick from a locust tree so severely that her back was covered with blood and bruises. Having used up one stick on her, he was getting another, when some of the neighbors interfered. Such a brute ought to be driven from the sacred desk and from the community.

Eighty slaves were liberated last week by Col. Thomas Hite and other philanthropic citizens of Jefferson county, Virginia. Col. Hite, as agent of the owners, accompanied them to Middleburg, Pa., where, with a present to each of \$40 in money, and sufficient clothing, they were set at liberty.

A gold and copper mine has been discovered on Hennipin Island, at St. Anthony Falls, Minnesota.

The Connecticut Legislature, at its recent session, passed a law requiring each town to pay the cost of its own boys sent to the State Reform School, instead of the expense being borne by the State as heretofore.

A scheme has been initiated in Liverpool for the formation of a new line of steamers from that port to Australia, each vessel to be of 10,000 tons' burden, guaranteed to make the passage in thirty days, and at a cost of only \$2,000,000 each. The profits of the scheme are plausibly calculated, thus: The annual receipts of gold from Australia amount to \$100,000,000; the interest upon that sum for one month (the time saved in conveyance) would be \$4,200,000, and the draft to the same amount, having another thirty days to run, would make a total per annum of \$8,400,000 interest, which, added to \$4,200,000, would yield the sum of \$12,600,000. So that in one year \$4,000,000 more than the cost of building this splendid fleet of new steamers, suitable for war purposes, would be realized merely by the saving of time. Mr. Clark, the person who proposes to build these vessels, states that by a new plan of construction he can not only insure for them a continuous speed of twenty miles an hour, but that they shall be proof against wind, wave, and foundering at sea, that they shall neither leak nor sink, and at the same time be shot and fire proof.

The telegraphs now in operation in the United States consume annually about \$60,000 worth of zinc, \$10,000 worth of nitric acid, and \$30,000 worth of mercury, besides other sums for sulphuric acid, &c.

The Dusseldorf Gallery of Paintings, which originally cost nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, has been sold to the Co-mopolitan Art Association for \$180,000. The same association has lately purchased the Greek Slave, at a cost of \$6,000.

There are in Philadelphia nine breweries devoted exclusively to the making of ale and porter, and the amount brewed each week is about 4,000 casks, or 158,000 gallons. The barley used in the making of malt is grown principally in New York and Canada, and costs about \$1 60 per bushel, when delivered in Philadelphia, and after being made into malt is worth \$2 per bushel. The annual consumption of barley in the city is estimated at 600,000 bushels, besides 250,000 pounds of hops, which are worth 15 cents per pound. The number of casks of ale and porter made annually is 250,000, which sell at an average of \$7 each. The cost of the barley and hops alone consumed will amount to over \$1,000,000.

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A LADY'S AGE.—A lawyer, having some legal business to transact with a widow lady, took occasion to inquire her age. The matron, who had long since doffed the "widow's weeds," attempted to look prim and much young than she really was, as she replied—
"Thirty-five, sir."

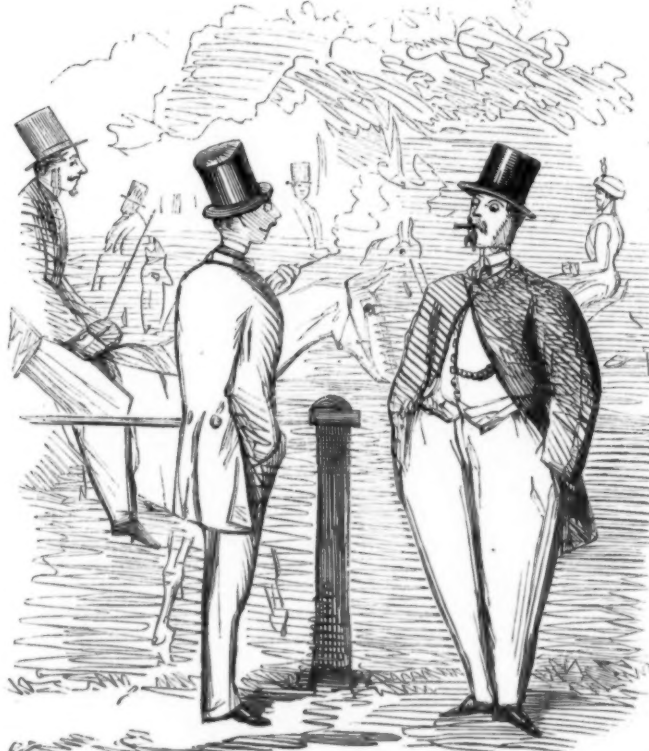
Then turning to the daughter, he said—
"May I be so bold, miss, as to inquire your age?"

"Certainly; I am a little past thirty-two—most three years younger than mother!"

EQUALITY OF POSITION.—When Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, whom he afterwards married, he told her "that he was of mean extraction; that he had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged!" The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied, "that she had no more money than himself, and that, though she had not a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."

TEACHING A FOREIGNER HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH.—My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid me farewell before he quitted the town, and on his departure he said—"I am going to the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology by saying that we were accustomed to say, "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he profited by my lesson, and added, "I will knock into your door on my return!"

It is known to those who are addicted to the luxury of early rising that the planet Venus, now the morning star, looks unusually large at this time—larger, brighter, and more beautiful than it ever appeared to us before. A country editor accounts for the fact by saying that Venus has taken to hoops.



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